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This Week

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March 19, 2001 Vol. 114 No. 12

Macleans
Canadian Weekly Magazine

Departments

Editorial 2

Letters 4

Overture/Passages 7

Canada 14

Quebec Liberal Leader Jean Charest faces a new challenge, former MP and lifelong socialist Nelson Rios tries a new career—as a capitalist

Canada and the World 18

Cover 24

Business 32

The Royal's new boss is no conventional banker; elevator news is on the rise

Tech 40

Tech Explorer 42

A faster way to pay at the pump

Health Monitor 44

Education 45

New life for an old art school

People 47

Art 48

Books 50

Harry Potter's children can peer over two seas from his school

Entertainment Notes 52

Love and soccer come to the screen

Columns

Anthony Wilson-Smith 10

Deirdre McMurphy 37

Alisa Fehrenbacher 56

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

Graphic Photo of Earth to Space 11-12/2001

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Cover 24 Mystery of the first peoples

New research is demolishing the orthodox theory that the Americas were settled 14,000 years ago by big-game hunters from Siberia who crossed a land bridge over what is now the Bering Sea. Many scientists now think humans came much earlier, by boat, perhaps from more than one place.



SPECIAL REPORT

18 The depleted uranium debate

Critics say that exposure to shells made from nuclear waste has threatened the health of Gulf War veterans and others.

40 Arrgh! Tech rage

Ever feel like hating your computer out the window? Or your handheld gadget? Experts call it techno-stress. Complex technology can make people angry, but there are solutions.



48 Cycles of creativity

A retrospective pays homage to one of Canada's most iconic artists, Greg Curnoe, whose life was cut short in 1992, when he was just 56.



Managing Editor



The embarrassing Mr. Landry

Now that Bernard Landry is premier of Quebec, what can Canadians expect? Perhaps the worst, if Canada's recently retired ambassador to France, Jacques Roy, is right:

Roy let it be said, is a very smart guy. A native of Quebec City, he's a lawyer and an experienced career diplomat who, among other things, spent six years as foreign affairs adviser to Pierre Trudeau. As befits his breed, he is normally extremely discreet.

Consider, then, an article he wrote last week in *Optimum Canada*, a newsletter published by the Council for Canadian Unity. As a Canadian ambassador in Europe, Roy had several close encounters with Landry when he was Quebec's deputy premier.

Brussels, December, 1994. Roy introduced Landry to Sir Leon Brittan, a key figure in the European Commission. "I had barely finished my introduction," Roy writes, "when Mr. Landry, giving me a look of contempt, told Sir Leon that while he had to agree to be accompanied by Canada's ambassador for this meeting, in future visits to Brussels he would be free of such constraints because Quebec would, by then, be independent."

The next morning, Roy organized a breakfast for Landry with another member of the European Commission. "Mr. Landry railed against the position held and the role played by francophones within the department of foreign affairs. He claimed that they were few in number and that they had almost no influence."

Sancti Spiritus, June, 1995. Following the Canada-Spain rivalry war, Landry visited the European Parliament. "Mr. Landry

launched into an attack on the Canadian position [in the fishing dispute]. Addressing [a] Spanish member of parliament, he stated that the government of an independent Quebec would never act in the way the Canadian government had and would never inspect a fishing boat on the high seas. Following the meeting, a number of the [European] Parliament's high-ranking civil servants told me they were flabbergasted to hear a minister, with the major responsibilities that Mr. Landry held in his province, criticize his national government on a matter of foreign policy in a speech abroad. In their view, he had breached one of the fundamental rules of international diplomacy, and they were appalled."



Landry, leader in public place

gasted to hear a minister, with the major responsibilities that Mr. Landry held in his province, criticize his national government on a matter of foreign policy in a speech abroad. In their view, he had breached one of the fundamental rules of international diplomacy, and they were appalled."

Morocco, April, 1995. Landry attended a meeting of francophone ministers of the economy and finance, as did the federal Treasury Board president, Marcel Massé.

"The meeting, which took place over breakfast in a public place, ended with a terrible argument witnessed by a number of people, including foreign ministers."

And what does Jacques Roy think of Bernard Landry's accession to the premier's office last week? "Now that Mr. Landry is premier, he would be well-advised to carry around a rag to cover his face when travelling abroad."

Wishes to reflect upon.

Jeffrey P. Miller

royneil@rogers.com to comment on From the Managing Editor

Newsroom Notes

A new talent hunt

This week marks the announcement of Maclean's involvement with a unique project designed by a group of young Canadians concerned with keeping the country's best talent within our borders. The Canada25 group, all of whom are in their 20s, is dedicated to

revitalizing the role of young Canadians in a nonpartisan manner. To that end, the group will hold a forum to discuss means of talent retention in Toronto from May 25 to 27, and is looking for 15 to 20 leading Canadians, aged 20 to 30, in business, health, academia, and arts and culture who would like to participate as delegates. The deadline for applications is March 16; more information and an application form can be found at

www.canada25.com. A team of *Maclean's* journalists will report on conference findings in our July 1 Canada Day issue. "We hope to see all issues on the table, ranging from the overall question of how severe the brain drain really is to the more practical issue of how to keep good talent here," says *Maclean's* Editor at Large Anthony Wilson-Smith, who is overseeing the magazine's involvement with Canada25. Let the applications—and arguments—begin.

For the record,

butter is made with wholesome ingredients like cream.

And the cow that jumped over the moon,
that was me.



Butter. Nothing but good stuff.

www.anytwo.org

The Mail

The naked truth

I can't believe *Michael* has outed us! It's true—these of us who occasionally work at home do so in the buff! It's just so cheeky to be lounging in bed, as a nurse, when you're on a conference call and no one on the other end of the phone has any idea what you're up to. I

Seemingly, I am out of touch with the latest lingo for work. Perhaps tomorrow I will emulate your cover. Naked and emancipated, wearing only a headscarf and lipscarf (for a professional, polished look), I will do paperwork in bed while procrastinating to managers and clients on how this new approach reduces stress and releases my creative inner child. Such an image will no doubt make their report for my profession/lives. Disgusted and despairing.
Jessica Oliver, Winnipeg

At the age of 26 and just entering the workforce after completing a graduate degree, I can say your cover story hit the nail on the head. The old-school management style of my parents' generation is not accepted in today's workforce. In one interview, I was turned off when it became clear the management viewed me as little more than a warm body to be squeezed for the highest level of production possible. It was great to read that employers realize the attraction of a healthy work environment. Will this trend continue as the economy slows down and highly qualified employees find the balance in the market no longer frozen there with as many options?
Lori Dymnicki, London, Ont.

might have read the article if the model had no makeup, her unweaved hair as a ponytail and was still wearing her flannel girl. A mildly offensive but amusing choice of cover photo ("Reinventing work," *Cover*, March 5). Perhaps my colleagues will now pressure me looking this glamorous the next time I tell them I'll be working at home for the day.
Cathy Allison, Ottawa

Letters to the Editor

should be addressed to:
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Email: letters@mcgraw-hill.com
Michael's welcomes readers' letters. But letters may be edited for space, style and clarity. Please include names, addresses and daytime telephone numbers. Submissions may appear in Michael's magazine only. Email queries about advertising rates or delivery problems should be addressed to: advertising@mcgraw-hill.com

The big fight

Bravo, Bob! Your spirit and courage are an inspiration to all readers who have stared death in the face and be are currently fighting cancer ("Beyond the sense," *Heidi/Bob Levin*, March 5). I understood for a too long was diagnosed with cancer (breast). Working as a diagnostic mammography technologist at the time, I was shocked to my very core. How could it happen to me? Well, I learned all too quickly that I was no more invincible than all the other women I had dealt with through my medical duties. Now, it's why not me? One in every nine Canadian women in a lifetime of 85 years will develop breast cancer, estimated at 19,200 new cases for last year. None of us know how long this life will be, but we must be optimistic and forge ahead. Good luck, Bob.
Audie Smart, Prince George, B.C.

This is one of the few covers that has inspired me to buy *Michael* in a long time. It's nice to see you are finally getting a sense of humour. Obviously, the picture is tongue-in-cheek. It is refreshing and the articles are well written.
Ward Schuman, Toronto

The cover was in bad taste and I put it straight into the recycling bin.
Pat Simon-Kaufman, Aurora, Ont.

The cover of your March 5 issue, "Nude rethinking on bed with open laptop," was a worthy assumption challenge to the current *Sports Illustrated* treatment issue. The contrast, however, posed no real threat to *SI*'s circulation projections. Goodwill Day, John Roth and John Cleghorn renecho

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Overbites

"This newspaper and others across Canada have had a remarkably uniform 'go' at the Prime Minister over alleged financial misdealings in Shogwenag. . . The media coverage of the accusations against the Prime Minister has crossed a line that defies our solid investigative reporting from adjective-driven innuendo."

David Ager, chairman of the publications committee of CanWest Global Communications Corp., and son of CanWest CEO Iain Ager, assails the media—including the CanWest-owned Southern newspaper chain—for their coverage of the controversy. His guest column ran in 10 Southern papers and the Montreal Post, which is half-owned by CanWest.

"Our editorial position on this matter has been consistent—that there has been a strong odour of money gas all around the Prime Minister through the whole affair."

Nell Reynolds, editor-in-chief of the CanWest-owned Vancouver Sun, responds.

"Virtually every major newspaper in the country opens the problem in across. . . The only observers who do not see this as serious are partisans or people unaware of basic facts that have been on the public record for some time. . . It would be a disservice of duty and a personal embarrassment if media were to ignore the story."

—An editorial in the Post does likewise.

www.goodcause.ca

The idea for Canada's first Internet charity originated in a more traditional location—a Roman Catholic Church. "I was watching the collection plate go around, and wanted to give, but didn't have any money on me," says Aaron Pereira, 26, one of the founders of CanadaHelps.org (www.canadahelps.org). "We figured if we could make a name, people would give more and more often." Pereira sold two friends—Matthew Choi, 21, and Ryan Little, 20—on the idea of a Web site where

people could donate to charities with the ease of a credit card. "If you see an earthquake on the 6 o'clock news and want to give," says Pereira, "you turn on your computer."

Each partner had prior e-business experience. Choi and Pereira's company designed Web sites and produced corporate videos, while Little ran a business-to-business Web site company that he started in his mid-twenties. He eventually wound the company down and sold off parts. All three spend university full time, and volunteer 40



Pereira Pereira (left) and Choi: the site came at church collection

to 50 hours a week each for the charity. The CanadaHelps.org headquarters is in a sparsely furnished office 20 floors above the Toronto Stock Exchange. The site has been up since November; in the first two months of 2001, donations of \$140,000 exceeded the year's expectations of \$100,000.

What makes CanadaHelps.org unique is its charitable status. People donate to the organization, which in turn donates that money to the charity for which it's intended. All operating costs are covered through sponsorship or donations. Individuals who donate to any of Canada's 78,000 charities via the Web site are e-mailed a tax receipt within 48 hours, which can be stored on their computers until tax time.

Deirdre Chene



What's an Atlantic Liberal to do?

While the federal Liberals again dominate the Atlantic provinces electronically, the reverse is happening at the provincial level—

where Liberals committed every legislature five years ago. The sole Liberal premier, Newfoundland's Roger Grimes, faces a stiff challenge from the Tories under Danny Williams, a millionaire Rhodes Scholar. Prince Edward Island, Libs have an ancient leader, Ron MacKinnon, after the departure of Wayne Caouette last October. New Brunswick's Cassidy Theriault is beloved on the verge of stepping



Governor the last Liberal

down, while co-education minister Bernard Richard appears likely to run, along with Steven MacKinnon, a former executive @mactel.

In Nova Scotia, Russell MacLellan will quit at the end of June. Likely hopefuls include ex-finance minister Don Downes and Donnell Jones, a sometime party head. Ex-federal cabinet minister David Duggan, who last ran in 1997, seems to be tanning the waters. It's a delicate point, after two by-election losses, the Libs have fallen to third place in the legislature.

John DeMarco

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Anthony Wilson-Smith

Converging on the truth

An hour after the annual CanWest Global Communications Corp. general meeting in Ottawa last month, most attendees had finished the wine and lunch downtown and gone elsewhere. The remaining few included CEO Izzy Asper and ex-PM John Turner, seated in a corner of the reception room, chatting with vigorous abandon. An acquaintance of Turner later remarked on the enthusiasm of their exchange: Turner, with his familiar bawling laugh, responded that he and Izzy always have a million things to discuss, a bunch of issues they disagree about—and he always has his finger ready.

One topic of potential dispute between them is media convergence. Asper's purchase from Conrad Black's Hollinger group last year of the Southern newspaper chain and half of the *National Post* added to CanWest's string of national and international media properties. Turner has concerns about that sort of thing, which he expressed in a thoughtful speech to a group made up mostly of journalists last October. His topics ranged from the "openly hostile relationship" between reporters and

politics that the Prime Minister directly intervened with a telephone call to the supposedly independent Business Development Bank of Canada to recommend a \$600,000 loan to a man with a criminal record in his doing whose qualifications did not meet normal BDC standards. But that only came to light through reporters' efforts. And after noting that "Mr. Chretien's actions belie what Howard Wilson, the ethics commissioner, reports directly to the Prime Minister as though that fact alone proves some impropriety," Asper concluded to Greg Weston of the Sun Media chain that he would prefer that the ethics commissioner report directly to Parliament. Think the point critics make. And so on. Before you judge how the PM operates and decide whether you care, you need the basic facts—and if Chretien won't offer them, critics need to look for them.

But you can disagree with the piece while defending Asper's right to write it. Journalists must be the only business in which employees speak up regularly on issues, while their bosses are expected to shut up. Reporters routinely write negative news about others—but are appalled when criticism spills back. Bob Rubbovitch, the head of the CBC, has remarked to acquaintance that he is stunned by the hostility that journalists at the Corp show to any second-guessing.

It's natural to worry when you and your boss aren't on the same wavelength. But Asper made his views public, rather than use the tactic of quietly ordering editors to downplay or drop the story—which would be wrong. That used to be a tactic of newspaper owners in the past, long before worries about convergence. During the 1990s, Geoffrey Dawson, editor of *The Times* of London, often suppressed stories criticizing the Nazis by the paper's Berlin correspondent. "I do my utmost, night after night, to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt their [German] susceptibilities," Dawson wrote in a 1937 letter to a friend.

Today, the danger isn't media moguls maneuvering through reporters' copy and rewriting it. Rather, it's journalists who tailor reports to fit with what they think their bosses want—whether being told to do so. In Turner's speech, he talked about the "false god of objective journalism"—and wondered whether true objectivity exists. Maybe not consider media coverage of this CanWest meeting. The headline in the *Post* the next day read "CanWest back on acquisition trail—Hollinger assets purchase realises new revenue." The real *Globe and Mail*, writing about the meeting, reported gloomily "CanWest is trying to sell assets to cut debt." Factually, both were right—but as any experienced journalist knows, what you leave out is as important as what you put into a story, content is the most important consideration. The problem isn't occasions like last week, when different sides in the same company duke things out in public. The problem is when they don't.

Journalism must be the only business in which employees speak up, while their bosses are expected to shut up

public figures to the growing divide that he fears convergence has brought between media proprietors and journalists. "You're lucky," he told his audience, "in that many newspaper proprietors have shown precious little interest in ethics."

But as we saw last week, the exception proves the rule. David Asper, a senior executive with CanWest and one of Izzy's two sons, wrote a guest column in Southern paper and the *Post* in which he excoriated journalists for the "incalculably unfair" go at the Prime Minister over alleged financial misdealings in *Showbiz*. The piece (excerpts appear in our Overturn section) was written in an outraged tone that wouldn't have been out of place coming from a strongly partisan Liberal.

Which, of course, is what the Aspers are. Izzy once led the Manitoba Liberal party, has piled piles of money for the federal Libs over the years, and dined with Jean Chretien the last time the PM visited Winnipeg. David was rumored to be a Liberal candidate before the last election. So his opinions aren't surprising: what's startling is their vehemence, and his criticism, by extension, of his company's editorial product.

But the real problem with Asper's piece is straightforward in logic and hard to hold. It made as though it was scribbled on the back of an envelope in a fit of pique, and pushed out the door without any editing or further reflection. It sets up and knocks down straw men by answering charges that were never made, while ignoring important issues. Nobody dis-

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Overture

PASSAGES

Announced: Olympic rower Marile McBeau, 32, has begun training for triathlons. Last summer, McBeau suffered two herniated discs in her back and was unable to compete in rowing events at the Sydney Games. When the 12-time Olympic and world-championship medalist made that news public, she said she hoped to row again. But last week, she followed fellow rower David Parer by turning to triathlon. "It's a big new sport," said McBeau. "Simon [Whitfield] made it cool."



Wore: Pop-music newcomer Nelly Furtado, 22, picked up four Junos. The Victoria native was her best new solo artist, best songwriter, best single and shared the best producer award with Genki Takeda and Brian West—the co-producers of her debut CD, *Who's Nelly? The Boredom Ladies* was chosen Juno—thickening best album for three CD releases. *Juste Amour* was named best female artist and Nelly Young best male artist. Bruce Cockburn received a lifetime achievement award. Later, Furtado was turned away from her own second company's after-party, because the venue had reached its capacity.

Died: Former Ontario cabinet minister and millionaire car salesman Al Palladini was known before entering politics for his ad angle, "Any Palladini is a pal of mine." A gregarious figure, Palladini was first elected to the legislature in 1993. As minister of transportation, he oversaw one of the toughest road safety bills in North America. He became economic development minister in 1997, but recently left cabinet, citing a need to devote more time to his business. That came after a messy divorce in which his wife of 31 years sought a \$1-million settlement and half of the car dealership and a paternity suit by a former mistress. Palladini, 57, had a heart attack playing golf in Mexico.

Died: Retired Liberal Senator John Godfrey, 88, was the party's top fundraiser from 1968 to 1974. Senior partner in a Toronto law firm, Godfrey served overseas as a wing commander in the RCAF in the Second World War. He was a founding director of the Canadian Opera Company and was named to the Senate by Pierre Trudeau in 1973. His son, John, is the Liberal MP for Toronto's Don Valley West. The older Godfrey died in Toronto of a stroke.

Awarded: Kingston, Ont., author Helen Humphreys, 60, won the Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize for her novel *Afterimage*—the title of a 19th-century Irish novel. The \$10,000 prize was initiated four years ago to celebrate Canadian literary excellence. Tiestar Herriot of Rogers took the biography prize for *River in a Day Land: A Prairie Passage*—about Saskatchewan's Qu'Appelle River. The nonfiction prize went to Russ Parks, 63, of Toronto, for *Long Shadow: Truth, Lies and History*.

Charged: Quebec Liberal MP Jean-Guy Gagnon, 59, faces impaired driving and hit-and-run charges as a result of an incident on Oct. 3. Gagnon was charged on Nov. 27—the same day he won the Quebec-Est riding in the last federal election—but the news was not reported until last week. Gagnon is accused of failing to stop after hitting a woman with his car—the accused minor injuries. He will appear in court for a preliminary hearing on March 26.

Died: Saskatchewan-born Roy Talbot, 72, was a key adviser to the Progressive Conservative government of former prime minister John Diefenbaker. A graduate of Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., he was once described by Peter C. Newman as "the best read the Tories had attracted in a generation." He crossed party lines to support Pierre Trudeau, became a member of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission and later served as an adviser to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. He died of a heart attack in London.

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Over to You
Lisa Van Dusen

New York, new rules

Before my 10-year-old daughter and I moved to New York City last fall, we had spent seven years in Washington, which has been looked for a decade in a rivalry with Honolulu for the distinction of most expensive city in America. Washington is expensive because it is lived in by people who like to think they have more important things to think about than the price of anything, and people who still think things like this:

New York, on the other hand, is expensive in a first-class-leveled way that was originally intended to weed out the squeamish, look when everyone with a pen for locks and a melanchole heart thought it would be cool to be a New Yorker.

As a result of taking a new job as a writer at a national news organization, I left a three-bedroom house in Chevy Chase, Md.,

**In Manhattan,
there are plenty of
millionaires, and no
one cares. The
same can't be said
about vacant cabs**

that cost \$1,400 a month (U.S.). Even that, for someone with my Ottawa roots, was a shock. But when I started apartment hunting in New York, I pre-consciously adjusted my specifications and figured on a two-bedroom apartment in the \$1,700 range. By the time I found my two-bedroom for \$2,600 a month—which by my calculations is a million dollars Canadian—I thought it was a bargain. Which, by Manhattan standards, it is.

After I discovered to my chagrin

until they brought me a lease, there was an exasperatingly rigorous screening process requiring letters from current and former employers, former landlords, ex-husband—all answering to my pen, current and possible future income. I had to prove I could score up roughly \$100,000 a year to qualify for the apartment—which I did. With first and last month's rent, plus the \$4,000 standard percentage rental agent's fee, it cost me \$10,000 to become a New Yorker before the moving van even pulled up to my old crib.

I thought about moving here 10 years ago, but didn't. It was too violent, too expensive, and despite the old saw about making it anywhere by way of making it here, everyone I knew who had here spent most of their time finding ways to get out. According to the U.S. census bureau, in the past 10 years one million people who were not born in the United States have moved into New York City. That doesn't include people who have moved here from other states. Reasoned by signs of the new, polite and chic New York, transformed by Rudy Giuliani's leadership, they've poured in not necessarily because they wouldn't live anywhere else, but because they've overcome their fear of living here.

But it costs so much just to breathe in Manhattan that there's not a lot of money left over for desirable goods. The Rolex, the

Gucci and the Land Rover are integral, but there's something vaguely 1950s about them, like the Trump Tower doorman with the gold-branded epaulettes. There is money here and lots of it, or you wouldn't have to tell yourself like a cocky room jay to get a roof over your head. But New York no longer reeks of wealth the way it did in the mid-'80s when Donald and Ivana rediffused cars, or in the early '90s, when a lot of money burned through Wall Street. The conspicuous consumption of the '80s and '90s has given way to the inconspicuous consumption of the millennium dose. The stereotypical New York tycoon is as dead as the stereotypical New Yorker, so it only follows that the change would be reflected on the street. Sure, there are still Madras Avenue get-aways and all dog-damn that cost more than my couch. And old guard Upper East Side lunch ladies sport the equivalent of the GNP of Barbara Fero in their discreetly tucked envelopes. But younger ones shop at Banana Republic, which, when you come down to it, sells the same leather jackets as its counterpart in Madison, Wis. It's their kids who wear Prada.

New York is where people used to come to get rich, and now it's where people come because they already are that way. Oh, it's not rich, flush enough not to balk at it on the numbers alone. There's something very liberating about it, really.

When you can't tell millionaires from the rest of us, and people spend more time talking about money than they spend spending it, the absence of tangible distinctions can make you feel unsure for being the only person you know not holding your breath until the market clears October every year.

A couple of months after I moved here, I was trying to hail a cab in a frizzy one morning. I had overheard the 8 a.m. window, beyond which your chances of snagging a cab on 2nd Avenue are about as good as your chances of getting hit by one. As the clock moved over dawn to my 9 o'clock morning, a spoiler shot ahead of me half a block and tried to pre-hail it. Furious, I gestured towards him, while a hack appeared as if he'd squeezed him out of thin air. I got to the driver's window before the guy could close the door and said I'd give him 20 bucks for a \$6 ride. Clearly deflated, the guy in the back got out and graciously held the door.

Maybe he was a brand-new millionaire who didn't have to make 9 a.m. meetings anymore, or maybe he just wasn't itching for a bedding was. But chances are he wasn't a New Yorker.

Last Year Dusen really means Ottawa... not mine. Guess submissions only be sent in overland mailboxes or e-mailed to (416) 298-7739. We cannot respond to all queries.

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CHAREST'S CHALLENGE

By Brenda Beazwell in Montreal

If it's Tuesday, it must be *Toto-Riviera*. Or *Thérèse*. *Mines*, or *Témoignage*, given Jean Charest's itinerary. For the past year, the peripatetic Quebec Liberal leader has spent a large chunk of his life on the road. With newly appointed Quebec Premier Bernard Landry dominating media attention, Charest quietly embarked on another tour of Quebec last month, his fifth since becoming leader in April, 1998. The work is low on the glamorous scale: no stops in cities and towns, a briefcase meeting here, a fund-raiser there. But during an interview at the Liberal's Montreal headquarters last week, Charest, pale and smiling a child, conceded that the non-working has given him a much better grasp of issues and "a heck of a lot more confidence." In the 1998 provincial election, he says, the Liberals paid a price for late registration in many parts of the province and for not having enough ties to local leaders. He seems bent on fixing the problem. "It's all

With Bernard Landry as premier, Quebec Liberals say the political game has changed—in their favour

about hard work and about slugging it out in the regions in Quebec and building an organization today in a crisis," he says.

But will the gliding grassroots tour translate into votes? It is a pivotal question for a party that needs to bolster support outside its traditional power base in Montreal. The answer may come soon enough: Landry can wait until 2003 to call an election, but that seems unlikely. The Liberals can ride high from the first loss, in the past 90 years, no single party in Quebec has been elected for three consecutive years. But in spite of 6½ years of turbulent *thin* Quebecian rule, Charest's prospects seem far from certain.

For one thing, he has failed to capitalize on campaign notes. To some degree that may have been because of his opponents, the charismatic Lucien Bouchard. Now, with Bouchard's resignation, Charest is at square off against the late populist, although still formidable, Landry. And that leaves some Lib-

erals hopeful. "It's a whole new ball game," says MNA Christine St-Onge. "I think that Landry will be better than Bouchard at galvanizing his party, but not as effective as Bouchard in appealing to a broader spectrum of the population." St-Onge contends that Landry can rub people the wrong way. "In a sense, he's his own worst enemy," says St-Onge, "so just give him enough time."

Landry, who earned respect as the finance minister who balanced Quebec's books, inherits the top job with some sobering poll numbers to chew on. Early this month, the Montreal firm CROP found that 48 per cent of respondents had little or no confidence in his ability to serve well as premier. Overall, the poll gave the Liberals a slight lead over the PQ—45 per cent versus 42 per cent. As well, 62 per cent doubted Landry's stated intention of pursuing sovereignty on the front burner. Like others, Charest expects Landry to be more confrontational with the rest of Canada than Bouchard. "He'll try to control himself," says Charest, "but the truth of the matter is he's not going to change."

Landry has already blasted the federal government for trying to limit his province's role as the Summit of the Americas next month in Quebec City. (Last week, PQ cabinet minister Louise Beaudoin accused Ottawa of jiggling "the people of Quebec" by denying Landry the right to address the 54 heads of state at the bihemispheric five-track talks.) Charest has stepped out of the fray, banking on the hope that Quebecers, weary of constitutional battles, will see the PQ's demands as peacemaking. But the Liberals may also find themselves squeezed, as they have in the past, between the PQ as a strong defender of Quebec's interests and a weaker federal Liberal government stalling down Quebec's demands for rights and privileges.

The Liberals grapple with other constraints. The Parti action démocratique, which captured crucial anti-PQ votes in the last election—but only one seat—remains a thorn in their side. The Liberals also lag behind the PQ in support among francophones—36 per cent compared with 64 per cent for the PQ in the last CROP poll—which is why Charest spends so much time in the regions. "I think the Liberals at this stage have



Charest. We all about hard work, slugging it out and building an organization a day at a time!

got to be concerned because they're not pulling ahead in a significant way," says John Parrella, a former Liberal strategist turned political analyst. "It's not as if it is their decision to lose. They are still catching up."

As the Liberal policy convention last October, delegates soundly endorsed Charest with a 95-per-cent vote of confidence. That approval signified an end to rumormongering that surfaced last spring over his leadership. Some Liberals wondered if his heart was in the job, others con-

sidered he did not network enough. "Last spring was probably the most difficult period," acknowledges Charest. "But what I did was just put my head down and go to work." With some success, according to Liberals, who say he now connects better with the party. He also beefed up his message by hiring a research chief of staff Ronald Raquet, a respected party stalwart who worked as a senior adviser to former premier Robert Bourassa. Parrella says Charest's performance at modest—but moving in the right direction. "It's gone basically from disappointing to good," he says.

But Charest's travels have taken him out of the public eye—infill fodder for criticism. At a news conference last week, he belatedly when a reporter asked if he had been hibernating, but others pose the same question. Michael Label, a retired constitutional law professor and Liberalist, recently penned a letter to a Montreal newspaper suggesting that Charest and the Liberals were invisible—and that it was time for the party to wake up. "He has not delivered the goods," Label told *Montreal*. He also complains that Charest lacks substance, and says that instead of proving themselves as a viable alternative, the Liberals in fact come across as nothing more than a "federist PQ."

The Liberals, meanwhile, accuse Parrella of co-opting their policy proposals. "When we talked about reducing taxes, it was portrayed as far-right," says Charest. "Now, they've adapted that, so at least they talk about reducing taxes." All the more reason for further differentiation from others, he says. "I would say that Charest has got to make his case for a different economic and social vision," says Parrella. "He's got to go beyond throwing lines and slogans." There may not be much time. Charest has said his troops are ready for an election by June. The Liberals are still finishing out policy, but they will keep arguing for a low interventionist state than that espoused by Landry. "He believes in giving away money to companies that are already making hundreds of millions of dollars in profits," says Charest. Charest calls Landry "more radical" than Bouchard, which in itself provides a stronger contrast to his party. "In that respect," adds Charest, "I think he does help us." And the Liberals will gladly welcome all the help they can get. ■



Do good, do well

By Julian Beltrame in Ottawa

Nelson Rits marvels at his own sudden transformation. Until you ended his 20-year career in the House of Commons in last fall's election, the veteran New Democrat MP from Saanichton, B.C., gave only passing thought to life outside politics. Now, the lifelong socialist contemplates becoming a millionaire businessman. Sitting down in a luxury suite at his neighbourhood

on line, did not come about strictly by accident. For several years, Rits, a geography teacher before entering politics, wondered whether he had the right stuff for the corporate world. Then, two years ago, he became fascinated with a Vancouver company's audacious plan to change how the Third World houses its poor—a venture that had the potential to marry his old ideological conviction

A new interest in fair enterprise could turn a lifelong socialist into a millionaire

and his new venture in fair enterprise. He helped open doors for Canadian Rockport's chief executive officer, Bill Malone, in Chile and Mexico. "I made a few phone calls for him," he says—and the relationship grew

When Rits was defeated in the election, Malone offered to bring him aboard.

It was an easy decision for Rits to make. Canadian Rockport could not boast a record of success, but it did have a proven technology and an ongoing plan. The idea came to Malone in 1997 when he was in Chile and saw that one of the country's biggest needs was durable, inexpensive housing. But he also realized he couldn't provide it with

Rits marrying ideological convictions with business

conventional on-site construction methods. Others had tried and failed, overwhelmed by problems ranging from the scarcity of qualified tradesmen, to work delays, to theft of materials. "There've been dozens of groups who have come down here with the conventional way of building a house," Malone explained in a telephone interview from Santiago. "They build one or two and they're gone."

The conceptual breakthrough came when Malone returned to Canada and learned about a process called "thin wall in concrete." By spraying fast-setting concrete on a steel box mould to a thickness of 3.8 cm and reinforcing the walls with steel and a wire mesh interior, a light, lightweight, concrete housing module that exceeded Canadian building standards could be produced.

Malone adapted the technology so the houses are built in a factory, not on site. He says a 40-square-metre, two-bedroom house, complete with windows, doors, plumbing, wiring and a bathroom, can be built inside the plant for less than \$3,500 (U.S.). The house is then transported on a flatbed truck to the site. The modern homes are ideal for low-weather climates because they are not susceptible to termites. Their hard-shell construction also makes them earthquake-resistant. "It adds weight," he says. "The truck is getting people to pay for it."

That's where Rits comes in. Canadian Rockport hopes to sell its houses to governments in developing countries, so Rits is drawing on his political experience—and contacts—in negotiations with local officials. Rits says he hasn't totally abandoned his socialist principles. In fact, he says he's putting them into practice. He points out that his firm will aim for gender parity when hiring in the Third World, and will donate \$100 (U.S.) per home to local children's charities. "I've always been interested in helping people's lives. Now with this, I think I can make a greater difference," he says. But his primary goal is to make Canadian Rockport a world player in the construction of small, affordable homes. If he becomes rich in the process, "I can live with that," he adds. ■

Tragedy on the ice

Tragically struck the small Newfoundland community of Touch Cove, 18 km north of St. John's, when three teen died while playing on an ice floe. The youths were jumping from slab to slab when a wave swept two of them onto the frigid water. A third fell in while attempting to rescue his friends, and all three slipped under the ice. A fourth teen managed to escape.

Women and submarines

The department of national defence announced that women will be allowed to serve on submarines, the last area of the Canadian Forces where service had been restricted to men. Male sailors had voiced strong opposition to the idea. Mixed crews are expected to be in place on Canada's new Victoria-class submarines beginning next year—the final step in an 11-year process to bring the Canadian Forces in line with federal equality rules.

The IOC takes a look around

The International Olympic Committee's 17-member technical commission visited Toronto to evaluate the city's bid for the 2008 Summer Games. Included in the schedule was lunch at the CN Tower—a chance for a birds-eye view of areas that organizers say will host 25 of 28 sports within a 10-kilometre stretch of the Lake Ontario shoreline. The Broad Net Critics coalition also met with the IOC delegation to press its point that Toronto must fight poverty—not host extravagant sporting events.

No death penalty

Officials in Washington state said Glen Sebastian Burns and Arif Ahmad Rafiq, wanted for the 1994 murders of Rafiq's mother, father and sister in Bellevue, Wash., will not face the death penalty if they are extradited. On Feb. 15, in a ruling underwritten of capital punishment, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled the two could not be sent to the United States without such a guarantee. Rafiq and Burns are alleged to have bloodguilted Rafiq's father to death with a baseball bat. Justice Minister Anne McLellan has already said the two would be extradited once Washington gave up assurances



LAST RESPECTS Follow officers serve on pallbearers at the funeral in Antigonish, N.S., of Const. Argon Seewald, 47, a 20-year RCMP veteran shot while responding to a domestic dispute in the Harwood hamlet of Cape Dorset, where the married father of two was posted last fall.

Homolka denied early release

Karla Homolka is a mile to fall again and should serve her entire prison sentence for her role in the sex slayings of two Ontario teenagers, the National Parole Board ruled. That means Homolka, now in a Montreal psychiatric institute, should remain behind bars until July 2005. Board members said she continues to portray herself as a victim whose former husband, Paul Bernardo, coerced her into participating in the torture and murders of Kim

French, 15, and Leslie Mahaffy, 14. As the result of a controversial 1993 plea bargain in which she agreed to testify against Bernardo—who is serving a life sentence for the crimes—Homolka received a 12-year sentence for manslaughter.

Under law Homolka was eligible for early release on July 6, 2001, when she will have served two-thirds of her sentence. But Correctional Service of Canada referred her case to the parole board, asking that she remain detained. Tim Dawson, lawyer for the women's families, expressed concern there is no way to detain her after 2005 even if the law has not been rehabilitated.

Day's mortgage

Canada Alliance Leader Socrates Day said he is taking out a \$60,000 mortgage on his Red Deer home to pay part of the \$792,000 settlement in December of a lawsuit against him. Because the suit arose from a controversial letter Day wrote as an Alberta cabinet minister, criticizing Red Deer lawyer Loane Goddard for his defense of a pedophile, the Alberta

government covered the cost. Last week, Day also apologized to Goddard.

The Alliance leader later travelled to Washington, where he had a 24-minute meeting with Dick Cheney four days after the vice-president's much-publicized visit to hospital with chest pains. Cheney, who has a history of heart trouble, had an angiogram, a procedure to unblock a narrowed coronary artery.

LETHAL WEAPONS



Did shells made from nuclear waste poison dozens of Canadian soldiers serving abroad?

By Tom Fennell

Larry Black spends his days in search of dulceness. It begins in the morning in his custom-shrouded house, when he puts in black-velvet contacts and leaves them up with sunglasses dark enough to block the glare from a welder's torch. Then he struggles to drag his 270-lb., 47-year-old body into a wheelchair. Hurrying to his home in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, Black often wonders what really happened to the once-proud, younger soldier who went off to serve in Croatia as a peacekeeper in 1993. Black dies. Black was a sergeant in charge of missions. He thought he survived unscathed, but since returning he has become eroded by disease. He cannot stand the sunlight, his legs have given out and at night he perspires, filling the bedclothes with what he calls a "toxic sweat."

Years of medical tests have failed to diagnose what exactly

is wrong with Black, who arrived in Croatia with the Prince of Wales Canadian Light Infantry. Others are in a similar situation. Hundreds of Canadian soldiers who took part in the Persian Gulf War and peacekeeping missions in Bosnia, Croatia and Kosovo say they have been mysteriously devastated by illnesses, including cancer. Now, a small group of Canadian scientists led by Patricia Hosain, a geochemist at Memorial University in St. John's, Nfld., say they may have found the answer—a claim that has landed them in the centre of an intense international debate.

Tests run at Hosain's laboratory found traces of a specific isotope of uranium in 12 of 20 ill Canadian, British and American veterans. The scientists claim it can only come from one source: super-hard shells made from depleted uranium, which release a cloud of radioactive vapour on impact. Black, who was tested in late 2000, is now waiting for his own

Canadian soldiers
comment on Iraq
tank's radioactive dust

results. "If they find it in me," he says, "I'd like to walk up to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's desk in the House of Commons and ask, 'What are you going to do now, Jean?'"

Black's question may soon become more than rhetorical. Some European Union politicians, increasingly worried that radon released by exploding depleted uranium shells may have triggered cancer and other diseases in their own Gulf War and peace-

keeping veterans in Bosnia and Kosovo, want to ban the weapons. That demand has deeply divided NATO, whose Canadian, American and British representatives, backed by dozens of scientific studies, claim radon levels associated with the weapons are safe. While they seemed a measure of support last week when an EU panel concluded that depleted uranium did not cause cancer in soldiers, the research conducted at Memorial, which is scheduled to be presented to an EU panel on April 4, has raised daunting questions. And more will be known later this month when the United Nations finishes its investigation into radiation levels at bombing sites in Kosovo. But Hosain, whose work will soon be duplicated at laboratories in France, told *Maclean's* that is just one of only one thing. "I can't tell you how the depleted uranium got in the soldier," she said. "But I can tell you it's there. Period."

Hosain, working under a system developed by Asaf Durkinovic, a Canadian-born Canadian radiobiologist, found traces of depleted uranium in the veterans by using a \$1-million mass spectrometer, one of the most advanced machines of its kind in Canada. It can detect isotopes of uranium that has been enriched in nuclear plants, and, scientists say, its presence in veterans could only have resulted from exploded shells made from nuclear waste. But Durkinovic, who presented his work to the European Association of Nuclear Medicine conference in Paris last September, maintains that civilians are also at risk because the radioactive dust produced by the weapons can be carried into cities. "We have storms in the desert," says Durkinovic, who is now head of

nuclear medicine at King Faisal hospital in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. "The dust is very fine and very soft. It can easily be carried for 100 km."

The controversial shells, which have been phased out of the Canadian arsenal, contain depleted uranium manufactured from waste taken from nuclear reactors and atomic weapons facilities. An extremely dense substance, it burns on impact, burning through a tank's armour and engulfing its target in a radioactive fire while spewing a vapour of radioactive dust into the air. Canadian Alliance party defence critic Peter Goldring believes there should be a moratorium on its use. "Think about it," he says. "You are able to dump nuclear waste into foreign battlefields and leave it there."

Many of the ill Canadian soldiers believe they came into contact with the radioactive dust and that it may have triggered many of the diseases that afflict them. But the department of national defence's own exhaustive studies have failed to link radiation to the veterans' illnesses, including cancer. DND tested 130 veterans for the presence of depleted uranium, but found none. And the level of cancer in the soldiers, DND says, was no higher than that in the general population. Indeed, Dr. Ken Scott, the department's director of medical policy, said there is circumstantial evidence, reaching back as far as the American Civil War, that suggest a percentage of soldiers returning from conflicts will suffer from a wide variety of often unrelated illnesses. Many of the problems, including mental illness, he said, are related to stress or injuries suffered abroad that later result in complications.

But like dozens of Canadian veterans, Black believes he may have become ill after breathing in radioactive dust while serving abroad. He headed a 20-man team that occupied and cleared minefields—and was close to the fighting. While both the American and Canadian governments claim depleted uranium weapons were not deployed in Croatia, some military analysts believe Croatia's army did use the shells. Whatever it was, something seriously afflicted Black.

He returned home from Croatia feeling fine, but soon began to exhibit devastating symptoms. His weight ballooned from 180 lb. to 270. He developed a sensitivity to light he might as well, he says, leave his bedclothes stained with a brown substance that is all but impossible to scrub out. His illnesses have left him feeling betrayed by his



Iraqy mother with sick child, concerns

country "I was discarded from the military," said Black, "and that is exactly how I feel."

Like Black, Perry Holloway of Halifax became all shortly after returning home and is now waiting for the results of his tests from Hecol's laboratory. Holloway served in the Gulf at a 24-year-old bronchial about the Canadian supply ship HMCS Protector. DND says the only Canadian warships to carry depleted uranium weapons in the Gulf were HMCS Arcturion and HMCS Terra Nova. Both were equipped with anti-aircraft defense systems that used the shells. Holloway feels he may have breathed in radioactive dust when the two ships engaged in practice fire while his vessel was nearby. "We stood on the deck and watched," recalls Holloway, who suffers from a number of debilitating conditions including fibrositis myalgia, masked by acute muscle pain and fatigue. "But as one told us they were firing depleted uranium."

It was during the same conflict that British veteran Susan Rauling believes he was poisoned by radiation. Rauling, 61, was a medic in Bosnia's presidential regiment and was stationed about 60 km behind the battle lines while American planes pounded Iraqi tanks with depleted uranium shells. "The Iraq wounded arrived in frightening conditions," said Rauling. "We had to cut their uniforms off with shears to get at their wounds. That's when I think I must have been exposed." Eight years later, Rauling is posing depleted uranium in his urine—something Hecol's testing uncovered. "After all these years, I now have proof that there is something wrong with me," he says. "And I have Pat Hagan to thank for proving it."

Rauling is chairman of British National Gulf War Veterans and Families Association, a body with 2,400 members who say they are suffering from mysterious ailments. James Moore is one. Now 34, he was a career British soldier, a sergeant who served in the Gulf War and later in Bosnia. "I finally had to leave in 1997 because of my health," says Moore. "I just disintegrated over the years." He does not yet have the results of his test from Hecol, but he is sure they will indicate that he, too, has depleted uranium in his system.

Solving the mystery behind the diseases afflicting the veterans has pitted Hagan and Durakovic against the military establishment. Their work has been partially funded by the Uranium Medical Project, a Toronto-

RADIOACTIVE ARSENALS

Depleted uranium is a waste product of the atomic age, mildly radioactive garbage left behind at nuclear-generating stations and weapons plants. In 1978, American scientists discovered that the material, of which there is almost 500,000 tonnes stockpiled in the United States, could be turned into a phenomenally potent anti-tank weapon. And with 50,000 Soviet tanks poised on the edge of Western Europe, America and its NATO allies promptly embraced the idea.

Waste uranium is incredibly hard and nearly twice as dense as lead. Projectiles made from it can punch through a tank's metal skin as if it were aluminum foil. But that is only part of its appeal as a weapon. As it penetrates, the shell ignites, scattering radioactive dust throughout the interior and engulfing the tank or other target in flames. Defense officials say the dust quickly dissolves. But critics say advancing ground troops and civilians downwind from the attack are at risk if they breathe the toxic dust—as are those who later visit the battleground.

Depleted uranium ammunition was first used by the United States in the Persian Gulf War, primarily by the M1-A1 Abrams tank and A-10 Thunderbolt aircraft. But the shells were also fired by British armoured personnel carriers, British and American AV-8B Harrier attack jets and the powerful U.S. A-10 Thunderbolt—a two-engine aircraft that uses a seven-barrel Gatling gun to destroy tanks. It is estimated that the Abrams fired 14,000 120-mm rounds, while U.S. planes fired 945,000 30-mm rounds. British Challenger tanks also fired almost 100 120-mm rounds. In all, an estimated 270 million rounds of depleted uranium were fired off, leaving behind 1,400 tons of solidifying Iraqi tanks.

The weapons were also used by NATO in Yugoslavia and Bosnia. NATO officials estimate that approximately 31,000 rounds of depleted uranium ammunition were fired, primarily by American forces, against 112 sites in Serbia and Kosovo during the 78-day war in 1999. American planes also fired off as many as 10,000 rounds during bombing campaigns in Bosnia in 1994 and 1995. And even as the weapons' radioactive properties have triggered a debate over whether they should be banned, depleted uranium shells have been purchased by a number of armies around the world, including those of France, Russia, Ukraine, Turkey, Israel, Pakistan, China, Saudi Arabia and Greece. Paradox, the two most destructive power by itself creates that even more uranium will seep into them.

Michael Seidler

Hagan is St. John's
controversy in the
search for answers

based advocacy group. Project director Mary Gorman, who addressed an EU panel investigating the issue last October, says DND officials have consistently tried to undermine the research, claiming it is unprofessional and out of step with numerous studies that have concluded the weapons are safe. But James Wright, head of the department of earth sciences at Memorial, dismisses DND's attempts to discredit Hagan. "DND had been critical of Memorial's work," says Wright. "But we have absolutely track behind Patricia Hagan."

Durakovic is not surprised by the controversy. A graduate of Zagreb University, he came to Canada in 1970 to do postdoctoral research in radiobiology at the National Research Council in Montreal. He moved to the United States in 1977, where he held a number of posts with the Veterans Administration. He was studying Gulf War veterans at the VA Medical Center in Wilmington, Del., in the mid-1990s when he began contacting them for radiation poisoning. When his requests suddenly ordered him to stop his tests, he refused and left the institution. "That is where the honest story started," said Durakovic, referring to his discovery. "What I do know is that the veterans were exposed to radioactive dust. And we proved the presence of a specific isotope of uranium in the veterans' urine."

Durakovic, says civilians as well as soldiers may have been poisoned by dust of radioactive dust. Scott Taylor, editor and publisher of the Ottawa-based military magazine *Exile* at Corps, stated the southern Iraqi city of Basra last May. He said doctors showed him pictures of babies born with their organs on the outside of their bodies. He also found leukemia rates popularized with doctors of children, cases that Iraqi doctors say were triggered by toxic clouds. "It was horrific," Taylor recalls. "They were just waiting to die." But DND's Scott questioned Taylor's assumption, pointing out that other countries near the fighting, including Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, have not experienced an increase in leukemia levels.

The U.S. government, meanwhile, continues to build, use and stockpile the weapons. In mid-January, then-Defense Secretary William Cohen, compared the health risks of radiation from depleted uranium to those of lead paint. Dust from peeling lead paint should not be breathed, he said, but if used properly the paint is safe. That is a view shared by the Canadian military in an operations update issued on Jan. 18. Lt.-Gen. Ray Hunsall, the deputy chief of defense staff, said: "There is no scientific

or medical evidence that links depleted uranium to cancer."

That aside, why have Hagan's studies shown the presence of depleted uranium in the veterans, while DND says have not? Memorial's Wright said DND has been unable to detect depleted uranium in the veterans because Memorial's equipment is more sophisticated than that used by the military. Scott said DND hopes to end the standoff by doing a joint study with Memorial that could finally come to a definitive conclusion. But Gorman says, "they told us about a joint study—Memorial has yet to receive a research proposal from them." Durakovic also questions DND's sincerity. "They would very much like to see negative results," said Durakovic. "They do not want to find out that we are right."

European governments are also grappling for the truth. France, Germany, Belgium, Portugal and Italy all sent teams to Kosovo to investigate sites where depleted uranium weapons were used. The most ambitious effort so far has been launched by the United Nations environment program directed by Rikku Huuhtanen, a former Finnish environmental activist. Huuhtanen has investigated 81 of the 112 square locations where depleted uranium weapons were used in Kosovo. Samples of open environment, soil, water and cow's milk were sent to five laboratories in Europe.

In the meantime, Huuhtanen has expressed surprise at finding "DU contamination jacking around the ground, 10 years after the conflict." At the same time, one of the European labs who received material from Huuhtanen—one in Sweden and the other in Sweden—have issued results reports, indicating that limited amounts of depleted uranium residue is well as very low traces of plutonium had been found in spent shell casings collected in Kosovo. These findings will be added to the debate, which is likely to intensify in the coming weeks.

With Catherine Roberts in Toronto, Andrea Phillips in Washington and Barry Carter in London



American A-10 Thunderbolt in action, blowing enemy tanks



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CANADIAN EXCLUSIVE NETWORK

Veterinarians across the ocean
Eight veterinarians from the Canadian Food Inspection Agency arrived in Britain to help fight the spread of foot-and-mouth disease, which has devastated the country's cattle industry. The vets will relieve their British counterparts, who have been working non-stop for the past 14 days to contain the outbreak. Officials have slaughtered at most 61,000 animals.

Fireworks and death

At least 43 people, most of them children, were killed when an explosion ripped through a primary school in the southeastern Chinese province of Jiangxi. Premier Zhu Rongji blamed the deaths on a suicide bomber. But parents of the dead students said their children had been assembling fireworks to earn money for the cash-strapped school.

Moving day in space

The shuttle Discovery docked with the international space station to deliver a new five-absent crew of a Russian cosmonaut and two American astronauts. They are replacing a three-member crew that has runned the orbiting station for the past four months.

A city of one's own

Women flooded into the streets and bare shooting "Go home" at passing men in the Colombian capital of Bogotá declared last Friday a "Night without men." The mayor urged husbands to stay home and watch the kids.

A Canadian link to terrorists

Former Montreal resident Abdel Ghani Medani, 33, pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges for plotting to ship explosives to the United States. In exchange for a reduced sentence and possible admission into the U.S. witness-protection program, Medani, who faces a 105-year prison term, told a New York court that Ahmed Ressam, also a former Montreal resident, was part of a plot to blow up buildings in Seattle and Los Angeles. Ressam, whose trial was to begin this week, was caught with explosives in his car at the U.S. border in San Angeles, Wash., in 1999.

Bloodshed at an American school

The scenario has become all-too-familiar: a suburban, mainly white U.S. high school, a student shot dead from his penis and a gun. Last week, it was played out once again—this time in Saratoga, Calif., 35 km north of San Diego—when Charles Andrew Williams, a 15-year-old freshman, entered a boys' bathroom in Saratoga High School, took a .22-caliber pistol from his backpack and indiscriminately opened fire at 9:20 a.m. on Monday, March 5. Then, pausing only to reload, he began firing wildly into adjacent hallways, spraying several students and security guards with bullets. By the time the six-minute attack was over, more than 30 shots had been fired, two students were dead and 13 injured. It was the deadliest school attack since the April, 1999, bloodbath at Columbine High School near Denver, where two male teenagers killed 12 fellow students and a teacher before committing suicide.

Last week's school violence was not restricted to the Saratoga High School. Two days later, in Williamsport, Penn., a 14-year-old girl shot and wounded another girl in their school cafeteria. And at the heightened anxiety, police across the nation raced to at least 10 other cases where threats were allegedly made against either students or schools, by apprehend-



Growing after the tragedy, Williams (below) situation, above and a gun

ing suspects before a tragedy occurred.

Under California state law, Williams, who apparently stole the handgun from a locked cabinet in the apartment

he shared with his father, Charles, will be tried as an adult for murder, assault and weapons possession. But because he is a juvenile, he will not face the death penalty. And as the parents of the two students slain in Saratoga prepared to bury their children, officials announced plans to transfer four students for their own safety who had heard Williams's threats but kept silent.



NATO battles Albanian rebels

U.S.-led NATO peacekeepers based in southern Kosovo occupied Tuzosova, a village on the border of the republic of Macedonia, in part of a co-ordinated move with the Macedonian military to flush Albanian guerrillas from their mountain base. The rebels, who are fighting for independence for Kosovo, currently a Serbian province, have been making incursions into

Macedonia. The operation was the first offensive action taken by peacekeepers since they entered Kosovo in June, 1999. It followed a move last week to secure the village of Bjajak, five kilometers from the Macedonia border, where peacekeepers traded fire with rebels. Three Macedonians and two Albanians have died in recent skirmishes.

New research suggests humans came here much earlier than we used to think—by boat, and not just from Asia

MYSTERY of the FIRST NORTH AMERICANS

By Brian Balthuse

They came on five from Siberia, big game hunters with classic Mongoloid features who followed mammoths and caribou across what is now the Bering Sea on a 1,500-km-wide land bridge to Alaska. About 14,000 years ago—or 12,000 Before Present, as archeologists style their radiocarbon years—the hunters found a way through the vast ice sheets that covered almost all of Canada. A corridor through northwest Canada opened between the glaciers, and they passed southward, into a Garden of Eden. Humans had finally arrived in the New World.

Moving quickly to pursue animals that had not yet learned to flee them, the first North Americans fanned out—to the Pacific and Atlantic coasts and farther south. They reached the tip of South America in only 1,000 years, not long before they hunted almost all their large prey to extinction. They then began to exploit all the hemisphere's ecological niches, from the Amazonian rainforest to the tundra that sprang up as the glaciers retreated north-

ward. And so began the process of cultural differentiation that produced the vast array of aboriginal languages and societies that Europeans discovered upon their arrival 500 years ago.

Or so we were taught in school. The so-called Clovis model, named after the 13,500-year-old New Mexico site where the hunters' distinctive spear points were first unearthed in 1932, took a firm grip on scholarly orthodoxy by the mid-20th century. But in the past few years, new archeological finds and the work of other specialists have jump-started a raucous debate that threatens to overthrow it. Many are evidence of ancient migrations by boat, while others—backed by provocative genetic research and linguistic models—push the story back as much as 50,000 years. Some even propose that the Americans in the distant past were much more cosmopolitan than previously thought, with waves of arrivals from as far away as Australia and Europe, as well as from Asia. Canadian paleontologists, meanwhile, have shut down the theory of the old road south altogether.



as much as 50,000 years. Some even propose that the Americans in the distant past were much more cosmopolitan than previously thought, with waves of arrivals from as far away as Australia and Europe, as well as from Asia. Canadian paleontologists, meanwhile, have shut down the theory of the old road south altogether.



Reenacting a Florida community 14,000 years ago, 11,300-year-old rock painting in Brazil (below) depicts cast of Kowewick Man's skull (left); a raucous debate over overthrew old theories



At the same time, as scientists struggle to bring new techniques to bear on the riddle of old bones, they are increasingly challenged by the bold and growing political power of native Americans, whose demanding the return of bones found in their ancestral lands (page 30). The current ferment, and the political stakes involved, are covered in detail in *Beast Discoveries: The First Americans*, a compelling account by Pulitzer Prize-winning science journalist Elaine Dreyer (page 28). After two years of research, Dreyer doesn't buy any of the scientific theories. "The whole thing is wide open," she argues. "You have to ask the question, which we haven't for 70 years, whether native Americans are right in their belief that they have always been here. That they came here is simply an untested assumption—there's no evidentiary basis for it."

Few scientists, if any, would follow Dreyer down this path, although many are clearly yearning to break free of orthodox strictures. Anthropologists are almost evenly split that

modern humans evolved in the Old World as far back as 200,000 years ago. It was those modern humans who were to Australia—by boat—50,000 years ago, and to the Americas somewhere, sometime. And while the Clovis model did seem to answer some questions, it left others hanging. The level of technology evident in Clovis-type spearheads shows such intimate knowledge of the native resources that it can't be first," says Richard M. Adams, an archeologist with the Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que. At dozens of Clovis locations across the United States, in Canada and as far south as Central America, there are stones that were quarried up to 300 km away. "That means there's already a trading network or extensive personal travel," notes Madsen, "and those things take time."

Still, untested proof of pre-Clovis human activity remains elusive. "We looked and looked for older evidence," says Madsen. "Many may say we're prying, but for one reason or another there's nothing older." *Madisonville*

Provocative genetic research and linguistic models push the story of the Americas' first settlers back as much as 50,000 years.



■ Display showing the killing of a mammoth at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, a reproduction of a famous 19th-century painting.

in Pennsylvania, for instance, had radiocarbon dates that go back thousands of years before Clovis, but Clovis defenders argued strenuously that mostly coal seams made the timing unreliable. "So the damn thing gets knocked about like a ball on a squash court, and nobody takes it seriously anymore," says a frustrated Madfan. "It's a hell of a way to do science."

Morlan's comment encapsulates Dewar's astonishment, too, as she charts Clovis's transition from hypothesis to rigid orthodoxy. Some archaeologists simply stopped digging at the

on river systems. The glaciers had met, and the way between them was not possible until long after Clovis culture was flourishing far to the south. The prologist's work was so little recognized in the archaeological community, Dewar reports, that the Provincial Museum of Alberta's recently overhauled prehistory display still showcases the corridor, even after the survey was conducted about glacial conditions.

The growing consensus that something was wrong with the land passage meant anyone who still looks to a relatively recent arrival from Siberia—and more archaeologists cannot imagine another place of origin—has to turn to a coastal route. Once dismissed as an impossibility (the glacier was thought to have reached right into the ocean until after Clovis), a west coast arrival by boat or foot is fast becoming an inevitable scenario. The theory's newfound popularity begets the first archaeologist to propose it: Ravi P. Haddad, a professor at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., recalls that the idea was first "toss with hostility but by being 'grounded' when he first suggested it in the 1970s." "It's a little bit disturbed by its reappearance as a valid theory. It doesn't seem to be based on a re-examination of the evidence but as a *ho-ho*-to-be thing, if the early South American dates are true."

New enthusiasts envisage a people who hunted marine mammals much like historic West Coast natives did, arriving about 15,000 years ago, when the glaciers—in it now appears—had pulled back from the shoreline. But, as Fladmark ascertained, proving the coastal route won't be easy. Sites that were on dry land when much of the world's water was locked up in glaciers are now deep below the waves. In 1997,

however, Parks Canada archaeologist Daryl Fejo managed to dredge up a stone tool dated to about 10,200 from Hecate Strait off the Queen Charlotte Islands, indicating that people could have lived on the now-submerged coast.

Other experts responded to the South American jolt in their own ways. Albert Goodyear, a University

been digging at Topper, a Clovis-type site in his state, since 1984. Fourteen years later, after sifting through Moore's work, he decided to dig deeper. When he found micro-tools, Goodson says, he "kind of went into shock—I had no idea we'd find artifacts." The sheer number of Clovis sites in the southeastern United States—and ruling ones like Topper and Casa Hill in Virginia, far from the source in South America enshrined in the Clovis model—has long intrigued scientists. A researcher at the respected Smithsonian Institution in Washington recently added two other nagging facts to the geographic puzzle and came up with a startling solution. Now, after Clovis spear points have not been found in Alaska or



HOW PEOPLE GOT HERE

Recent archaeological finds and the work of other specialists have cast doubt on the Clovis theory of an overland passage from Asia. New scenarios include arrival by sea from those continents.

Siberia—as would be expected by the Bering land-bridge theory—and that the Solizrean culture that flourished in Spain and France thousands of years earlier did produce similar artifacts, Dennis Stanford sees Clovis's origins in Europe.

Most experts find the so-called Atlantic crossing scenario, over an ice-choked ocean in some sort of skin-and-wood boat, preposterous. The eminent U.S. archeologist Richard (Scotty) MacNeish, thought by many to be the inspiration for Indiana Jones and a man who spent several decades working in Canada, was succinct: "Think all crap," he told Dewar before his death in January. But scholarly dissent has not dampened popular excitement, which has seized on

fiends one of the central narrative apices of Devar's book. In 1996, two young men strolling into a hydroplane race start lined across his bones in the shallows of the Columbia River near Kennewick, Wash. The skeleton was well preserved and unusually eloquent. He was between 40 and 55 when he died, a good age considering his hard life at some point he had recovered from a crushing blow to his rib cage, while the right side of his pelvis bore a deeply embedded spear tip.

When James Chatters, the forensic anthropologist examining Kennewick Man, incautiously described him as having "crucified" features, his bones became a flash point in the intensifying struggle over who has control of ancient remains. A

collisions of five local native bands claimed him as an ancestor and asked for him to be handed over for immediate rebury, as mandated by American law. Anthropologists, who cover the skeletons for the information locked in its bones and DNA, mounted a more serious legal challenge to the Indians that is still ongoing.



- **Flagmark:** supporting a Pacific coastal route

Canadian geologists proved the old theory of hunters passing between the glaciers was wrong

over Europeans than to American Indians, which suggests to them that waves of different people came here. That's exactly what Brazilian anthropologist Wilfer Neves argues. Neves maintains that the skull of Lita, the woman living 13,500 years ago whose remains, found in Lago Vermelho in southern Brazil, are the best evidence of a "true African feature." In fact, after studying 50 ancient South American skulls he says are 10,000 years old or older, Neves sees their closer relationship as being with early Australian aborigines.

Sometime about 10,000 years ago, Neves theorizes, an influx of Mingeopians from the North displaced or absorbed the original inhabitants, and within a millennium Brazilian skulls are exclusively Mingeop. Neves himself does not draw the eye-pecking inference others have from his skull measurements—that the earliest migrants must have crossed the Pacific from Australia. He is more inclined to see them as



a splinter from an Asian band. While most turned south, eventually to reach Australia, those who would become South Americans went north and crossed over from Siberia.

That's not much different from saying that early humans were always on the move, in flowing bands that constantly joined one another. The gene flow—as anthropologists call it—never stopped. Morlan believes that people lived on the vast land bridge, known as Beringia, as much as they passed through it, in both directions. And Dewar is particularly curious about what she calls "the vacuum" of inquiry: "Why do the arrows on the maps always point to the Americas," she

asked in an interview, "why never from—were there one-way signs in Beringia?"

It would seem, then, the New World has always been a melting pot. And for a much longer time than the Clovis model allows for. Morlan points out that with the ice-free corridor non-existent, the coastal route has only a relatively tiny window of opportunity to cease what has been discovered. People could move south only after the glaciers had pulled back from the coast about 15,000 years ago. That would leave only 500 years for seafaring humans to get from Siberia to Monte Verde in Chile, and 1,500 years to charge into a big-game hunting Clovis culture that spanned the continental United States. If that won't do, it means that humans must have come here before the last ice age—more than 20,000 years ago, and possibly even 40,000 or 50,000 years ago.

And that is where the most exciting new techniques for studying the past are driving the debate. Provocative DNA studies have pointed to Asian origins for four lineages that characterize more than 95 per cent of indigenous Americans. But a fifth DNA lineage, most commonly found in Canada's Ojibwa people, has no known Asian affiliation. It does, however, turn up in Europeans

The Europe and native variants diverged from a common ancestor, some genetics argue, up to 36,000 years ago. Berkeley, Calif., linguist Johanna Nichols agrees with that timing. North America is one of the most linguistically complicated areas in the world, and the Clovis time line is far too short to allow its evolution. "It would take over 50,000 years to populate the American from one ancient language alone." That time frame also accords with native creation stories cited by Dewar that speak of a growing veil of ice to the North, suggesting a human presence in the Americas before the last ice age.

To push the peopling of the Americas back so far, with so many diverse strands, is to move the event into the larger story of human evolution. About 50,000 years ago, humans entered into a new phase of existence. In an explosion of creativity and skill, people broke free from their Old World boundaries, conquering the high latitudes and moving into the empty continents of Australia and eventually North America and South America. "For societies that relied on tools made of wood, bone and stone," says Morlan, "learning to thrive in the cold environment of the North was the equivalent of our society sending a man to the moon." For all the uncertainty sown by recent research, that much is clear: there is no human story in the Americas as one of the epic chapters in the human story. ■

Laying the violent warrior soul to rest

Investigating her new book, *Bones: Discovering the First Americans* (Random House Canada, 628 pages, \$19.95), journalist Elaine Dewar encountered

newsworthy arguments among scholars over the origins of the New World's oldest inhabitants, and a story about ancient skeletons and natives ever less to most aboriginals' tastes. One flash point is the dispute over the discovery of a 9,500-year-old skeleton near Kenosha, Wis., in 1986. In the *enigma* below, Dewar describes her growing sympathy with native demands.

On a weirdly warm morning in March, 1998, I sat staring up at the high ceiling in the white-paneled auditorium of the Native Canadian Centre of Toronto. I had come here to attend a meeting of the authorities on a charge of dealing with native dead inadvertently found in Toronto. Archaeologist Miles Kapches of the Royal Ontario Museum thought it might give me insight into the

native point of view on the study of ancient remains, something I certainly needed help with: I couldn't understand why native communities were trying to prevent study of the Kenosha remains. The dead are dead, my Kenosha friend said. They feel no pain, no humiliation. In the Kenosha case, the man had been dead for millennia, so there could be no proof of cultural affiliation to any living native Americans without study.

On the other hand, I was bothered by what I'd learned about the way in which some native American remains had been handled. One archaeologist described bones left on a set for weeks in a brown paper bag until the province of Ontario finally got around to doing something. He explained that when ancient remains were found, developers often looked the other way while their workers covered them up and built on top of them, so as to avoid costly delays and the possible expense of maintaining a cemetery in perpetuity. I was told of an amateur archaeologist who kept human remains under the glass top of a coffee table in a living room.

At length, I sat with several of the native people who had opened the meeting that morning. One was a man with a long grey beard, who had been introduced as the traditional spiritual practices of his band. Before the meeting began, he and his colleagues had watched as all in the sharp, sweet scent of burning sage-wind had filled the room and a few moments of meditation. Over hot and chicken, I asked him to explain the basic beliefs of his people about the proper treatment of the dead.

There is a darkness involved, he said. Human beings have two souls, two spirits. There is a higher soul, which in death moves on through what he called the women door on to personal journey. But there is another soul, the dangerous, violent warrior soul, which remains in the bones forever. When bones are unearthed, this dangerous half of the duality, unchecked by the kinder social impulses of the higher soul, is set free to wreak havoc.

Surely not all native cultures do this, I argued. I didn't mean he, he replied, all native cultures had to be treated the same way. It made no difference whether they were

pulled from an extremely ancient burial in some ice age gravel pit or from a historic cemetery both sets of bones had to go back in the ground right away, without any study at all. The pipe-lager's warnings about danger sounded like the equivalent of the case of Teanahmear's tomb.

An official of the center said that there were thousands of native American remains scattered only in universities, museums, private collections and federal institutions in the United States, largely unstudied by anyone. No one could be sure how many there were in Canada. No list of these remains were available, so how would even scholars know who had what? None of the bureaucrats or professional archaeologists in the room denied this. In fact, none of them even stood up and made a case for why they did "archaeology" of people going to stand up for someone? I hesitated at one of them during a break. But that other part of me, the intuitive part, was beginning to feel extremely uneasy. I was unable to swallow what had not been

denied—that there were still private collectors of human bone, that museums retained collections of human remains they'd bought in the past.

A young woman stood up to speak. She said she was a university student and her first degree was in physical anthropology. "I've studied of it," she said softly. "It was forensic anthropology I had to practice on skeletons brought from Holland Landing [50 km north of Toronto]."

These remains were part of the University of Toronto's teaching collection and had been found in or around 1965 in the course of construction. There were many different people's bones, European, Métis, African and native Canadian buried together. She had quickly realized that some were her ancestors. "I saw how the bodies were treated, some of them with flesh on their bones," she said as a choking voice. "They would fill open people would be piling around with skulls in their hands." No urgent studies were being made on these remains. Many of those skeletons had lain in their bones in



Dewar returns course of justice

the lab, unwatched, for years. She paused and took a breath of air and began to cry. "I've seen bones dropped on the ground. There's no respect for our ancestors, no respect for nations today. It's got to stop."

The hair rose on the back of my neck. She spoke with the awe of the dream of the afflicted, of someone who knew what was right but was totally without power to bring it about. I found myself murmuring the little phrase I had been taught to say for my own dead since childhood—rest in peace. And then I remembered all the footage I'd seen over the years of Jewish men in Orthodox garb scurrying on the streets of Tel Aviv or Jerusalem after terrorist bombing incidents. They ran to scoop the smoldering shreds of the flesh and bone of the newly dead into plastic bags. Some practicing Orthodox Jews believe that bodies must be buried whole, because when the Messiah comes the good will be called to God and the bones will rise, clothed in flesh again. Who would want to be reborn in pieces?

Reprinted from *Bones: Discovering the First Americans* by Elaine Dewar, published by Random House Canada.

BONES OF CONTENTION

By Brian Bethune

As four scientists freixed a human chain to gently lay the bones of 84 Inuit women and children in a new burial pit, Joyce Mitchell looked on with a profound sense of justice. For Mitchell, administrator for the Miikwuk Nation of Chiefs at the Alouane reserve near Cranwell, Ont.—where the aboriginal was taking place—it was like watching a circle close. The Inuit women and children had usually been buried near Roadback, 75 km southwest, more than 500 years ago, several decades before Europeans came to the area. Archaeologists had dug them up before the First World War and stored them off for study, as an act that had troubled Miikwuk ever since. But on the November day in 1998, as elders and chiefs recited traditional funeral speeches while 100 other natives looked on, archaeologists from the Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que., were putting the remains back in the ground. “They took them

away. Discovering the First Americans. “There’s a restoration here that means for me.”

But archaeologists are alarmed at the dramatic possibility of losing bones for future study. This is particularly frustrating as a time when rapid advances in genetic techniques hold out the tantalizing prospect of grasping New World archaeology’s Holy Grail: unravelling the ancient migrations that peopled the Americas. Scholars particularly were averse to the hardship of very old (5,000 years or more) human remains so far discovered in North America, bones so ancient that archaeologists believe they can have no direct cultural affiliation to present-day First Nations. “I do think there should be some anxiety of limitations on those,” says Museum of Civilization head archaeologist David Morrison, who is a traditionalist’s point man for a particular—and who took part in the Alouane burial. “After a few thousand years, everybody is the common property of everybody.”

Modern archaeologists know they are paying for the sins of the past. Before the First World War, according to anthropologist Willem Stolt, desecration of Huron grave sites in Ontario was “common Sunday afternoon sport for looters.” In 1901, David Boyle, Ontario’s first provincial archaeologist, denounced the “wild marauding” that occurred when grave robbers in search of calcium fell upon a native burial mound in the Niagara Peninsula. “As many as 70 persons were engaged in digging at one time,” Boyle wrote. “The result was deplorable all that is left is a few skulls procured in the scramble.” Boyle’s report was dryly professional. It did not record any moral concerns he might have felt about the dignity due human remains—his overriding complaint was that the plunderers had wrecked a site he wanted to dig up.

In fact, in their pursuit of knowledge, pioneering scientists had an occasion to do things that might have shamed grave robbers. One of the cruelest was an arrogant trick played on an Inuit boy by some of the most renowned figures in 19th-century anthropology, Franz Boas among them. Seven-year-old Minik, and five other Greenland boys were brought to New York City in 1897 by police explorer Robert Peary and presented to the American Museum of Natural History as “Eskimo specimens.” Minik’s father, Qisak, and three of the other lads succumbed quickly to strains of influenza to which they had no immunity. To placate the grieving boy, the scientists staged a fake funeral at dusk on the museum grounds. As Minik stood by crying they brought out “the corpse”—a leg wrapped in



■ Wilson holding a chest for bones; look cover with Miikwuk (opposite): specimens

“You’ve taken our ancestors and you say you’ve studied them; we’d like to see the reports.” But according to Morrison, the Museum of Civilization undertook the disinterment in 1967 and 1968 at the request of the Miikwuk themselves, who believed the site was threatened by a proposed logging road. He adds that the museum did produce a study of Miikwuk burial practices and gave the repatriation committee a copy.

In fact, physical anthropologists have used prehistoric remains to study everything from the origins of diseases to the relationships between human populations. For their plundering loots native gold. The English Indians fell over the appropriation of their ancestors’ remains in very real, as is, for many, the havoc that can be wreaked on the living by the angry spirit of the disturbed dead. According to native beliefs, disturbed bones are not safe for anyone to handle, which is one reason it was archaeologists and not Miikwuk in the burial pit at Alouane.

Meanwhile, institutions are struggling with the logistical problems and expenses involved in repatriation. Besides the Miikwuk and Roadback burials, the Museum of Civilization has made one other large-scale return. In 1995, it returned to the Six Nations Council at Oneida, Ont., 57,746 bones or fragments taken from a single ossuary, or burial pit. The effort cost more than \$80,000, including hundreds of hours devoted to inventorying and packing the remains in 133 barrels’ boxes. Even after counting 25 per cent of its collection in those three repatriations, the museum still has 62 cabinets full of human bones. “Repatriation is now a part of doing business for public museums, and it needs to be funded as such,” says Morrison. “The money is not available even to study our existing collections as fully as we would like, while we still have them.”

Most archaeologists have come to a similar pragmatic conclusion—the collections are going to go back. And in the end, it’s a change many can sympathize with. “This is poetic justice,” Morrison concludes. He also recalls standing in the pit at Alouane, among the bundled bones of the Roadback women and children and “feeling particularly for some of the wee ones—in fact, I felt quite heartened to take part.” Miikwuk Joyce Mitchell has similarly positive memories. “We have so many more to bring home,” she says. “Washington, Rochester—everywhere you look, this part of North America is filled with our people. The museum was first in response and very, very good. That’s the way it should be. Let’s make amends for the past.”

With Ken MacQueen in Vancouver

out, disturbed their rest,” says Mitchell, 45. “It was only right they put them back where they belong.”

In their uneasy but mutually respectful meeting that day, scientists and natives also bared, at least temporarily, the yawning gulf between their profoundly different world views. Mitchell, like most, is adamant that her ancestors’ remains should neither be displayed—which no reputable museum has done for years—nor even studied, which scientists emphatically were to do. The Roadback burial was among the first trickles of what promises to become a torrent of so-called repatriations, the result of a 1990 U.S. federal law requiring the return of human remains upon request, and a similar, voluntary agreement between the Canadian Museum Association and the Assembly of First Nations in 1992.

Repatriation of the estimated 200,000 aboriginal remains still in North American public collections is at the forefront of the evolving relationship between Indians and white society. It raises issues of scientific loss and religious belief, the costs of science and the repercussions of a centuries’ dark history. “I think native people should be able to say, ‘You’ve been studying and despoiling us for hundreds of years, and if we want to bury our ancestors, we will,’” asserts Elaine Dewar, author of the new book



she he wanted to dig up.

In fact, in their pursuit of knowledge, pioneering scientists had an occasion to do things that might have shamed grave robbers. One of the cruelest was an arrogant trick played on an Inuit boy by some of the most renowned figures in 19th-century anthropology, Franz Boas among them. Seven-year-old Minik, and five other Greenland boys were brought to New York City in 1897 by police explorer Robert Peary and presented to the American Museum of Natural History as “Eskimo specimens.” Minik’s father, Qisak, and three of the other lads succumbed quickly to strains of influenza to which they had no immunity. To placate the grieving boy, the scientists staged a fake funeral at dusk on the museum grounds. As Minik stood by crying they brought out “the corpse”—a leg wrapped in

furs—and covered it with a mound of stones. That left them free to juggle Qisak’s heart and put his bones on display in the museum.

Minik did not find out the truth for a decade. “I threw myself at the bottom of the glass case” in which Qisak was displayed, he later recalled. “I went straight to the director and implored him to let me bury my father. He would not.” In fact, the museum would not agree to release Qisak’s bones until 1993, when Ken Harpe’s 1986 biography of Minik, *Give Me My Father’s Body*, began to attract media coverage. “Every Inuit in Canada has read that book,” says a Miikwuk member. “Some of them probably think we still do things like that. But even by the standards of the time that was a disgusting act by Peary and company.”

Harder for scientists to accept is that even when they have acted ethically, suspicion and mistrust can still rank. Haida Repatriation Committee member Andy Wilson, who helped oversee the transfer of 150 skeletons from the Museum of Civilization back to the Queen Charlotte Islands last year, told Miikwuk that the Haida are continually frustrated in their search for answers. “We keep asking people why did they take the bones, and nobody gives us an answer. We keep asking,

The Royal Throne

By D'Arcy Jenish

Gordon Nixon closes the hefty documents lying on his desk and sinks into a nearby armchair. He seems to relax about his recent promotion to chief executive officer of the Royal Bank of Canada. At age 46, Nixon is the youngest person ever to lead a major Canadian bank, evidenced by the framed photos of his family—he and wife Janet have three children aged 11 to 15—displayed in almost every available space in his office. Moreover, the Montreal native has spent his entire career in the fast-paced, high-pressure brokerage business, most recently serving as CEO of RBC Dominion Securities Inc., a Royal Bank subsidiary, and has never worked a day in a retail branch, once the obligatory starting point for banking careers. “One of the big challenges I face is to spend more in parts of the bank I haven’t been exposed to,” he says. “I plan to visit the branches, the regions and our American operations.”

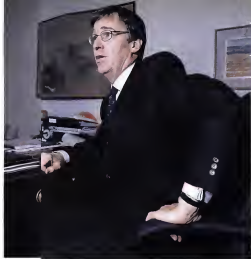
Nixon admits he faces a steep learning curve before Aug. 1, when he officially takes over from 59-year-old John Cleghorn, who steered Canada's financial community by announcing his retirement during the bank's recent annual meeting in Vancouver. Nixon will have to do a quick study of the country's largest financial institution, which has more than 1,300 branches, 49,000 employees and 10 million individual and business customers worldwide. But his biggest long-term challenge will surely be to merge the Royal with another Canadian bank—a piece of business left unfrustrated by Cleghorn, who failed to win political approval for a union of the Royal and the Bank of Montreal in 1998. “The consolidation of financial services is a global trend that's not going to stop,” Nixon says. “But the avenue for mergers in Canada is filled with a lot of speed bumps.”

From the bank's perspective, the case for joining forces hasn't changed since 1998. Senior bankers argue that Canada's

financial institutions are becoming very small players in a global marketplace dominated by giant organizations created through mergers or acquisitions. The three largest banks in the world, Germany's Deutsche Bank, Citigroup of the United States and the French BNP Paribas, all have assets, or loans outstanding, of more than \$1 trillion. By comparison, the Royal totals \$655 with assets just under \$300 billion. The rapid growth of Internet and telephone banking, as well as other electronic transactions, is pushing the banks towards mergers because the necessary technology is so expensive. “It costs the same to provide these services whether you are Citibank or Royal Bank,” says James Muir, Toronto-based research director of Connecticut Capital. “But if one guy's got 10 times the business, he can deliver much more effectively.”

Yet bank mergers remain a touchy political issue in Canada. In early February, the federal government introduced legislation setting out a three-step process for merging. The banks would begin by submitting detailed applications to the Competition Bureau, the superintendent of financial institutions and the minister of finance. Comments on all Senate committees would hold public hearings and, after all the reviews were complete, the finance minister would make the final decision.

A second roadblock may well be radical opposition among Liberal backbenchers, many of whom strongly opposed the 1998 proposals, which included the merger of the Toronto Dominion and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. “I don't think the issue is size,” says Toronto Liberal MP Tony Iacono, an outspoken critic of the amalgamations. “It's not



Nixon: 'The avenue for mergers in Canada is filled with a lot of speed bumps'

merger-baiting any. It was, by all accounts, a successful transition. Profits from the merged group jumped from \$232 million in 1998 to \$908 million last year. And in December, 1999, Nixon became chief executive of RBC Dominion.

As Dominion's CEO, he successfully joined a 10-member management committee that set overall strategy for the group of Royal Bank companies. He made presentations to the board about once a month, and fraternized with the directors, including former Montrealer Cleghorn. Friends say the two spent a day skiing together last winter at the Quebec resort of Owl's Head in the Eastern Townships, where Cleghorn and the Nixon family both have vacation properties.

But Nixon says he is not certain how he was selected as the new chief executive because the board did not seek applicants or conduct interviews. He will not, however, take over as board chairman from Cleghorn. In a move many shareholders applauded, the Royal's directors departed from convention by appointing a non-executive chairman, Montreal businessman Guy Saint-Pierre, chairman of SNC-Lavalin Group Inc. For his part, Cleghorn praises Nixon's abilities, saying, “This is an institution, not a one-man show. It is a natural team player, not someone who thinks they're the wisest person or the only person, or the boss.”

of return on equity. And our banks earn a good return if you look at others around the world.”

Some observers say that Nixon, a man of imposing stature—he's six-foot-three and broad-shouldered—may possess the leadership skills required to orchestrate a merger proposal through the political obstacles. Colleagues and competitors say he is a consensus-builder who excels at forging teams. “It's very down-to-earth and fair to deal with,” says Jeffrey Orr, the 42-year-old chairman and chief executive of BMO Nesher Burns Inc., a key competitor. “You never worry about him having a hidden agenda.” Tony Fall, the chairman of RBC Dominion Securities and a legendary Bay Street dealmaker, says Nixon has intangible qualities that distinguish leaders from their talented and ambitious colleagues. “He operates as a purveyor, not a dictator,” says Fall. “People trust him and have confidence in him.”

Apart from his personal skills, Nixon has merger experience. He has advised on many corporations involved in hostile takeovers and peaceful amalgamations, and handled a delicate merger within the Royal Bank, which brought his abilities to the attention of senior management and the board. In 1998, he created one department out of two very different groups—the so-called conservative lenders of the Royal's corporate banking division and the streamline-pumped desiderata of Dominion's invest-

ment banking arm. It was, by all accounts, a successful transition. Profits from the merged group jumped from \$232 million in 1998 to \$908 million last year. And in December, 1999, Nixon became chief executive of RBC Dominion.

As Dominion's CEO, he successfully joined a 10-member management committee that set overall strategy for the group of Royal Bank companies. He made presentations to the board about once a month, and fraternized with the directors, including former Montrealer Cleghorn. Friends say the two spent a day skiing together last winter at the Quebec resort of Owl's Head in the Eastern Townships, where Cleghorn and the Nixon family both have vacation properties. But Nixon says he is not certain how he was selected as the new chief executive because the board did not seek applicants or conduct interviews. He will not, however, take over as board chairman from Cleghorn. In a move many shareholders applauded, the Royal's directors departed from convention by appointing a non-executive chairman, Montreal businessman Guy Saint-Pierre, chairman of SNC-Lavalin Group Inc. For his part, Cleghorn praises Nixon's abilities, saying, “This is an institution, not a one-man show. It is a natural team player, not someone who thinks they're the wisest person or the only person, or the boss.” Nixon insists, and many analysts agree, that his lack of a conventional banking background should not be a liability. He joined Dominion Securities in 1979 after earning a bachelor of commerce degree from Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., and worked in most of the firm's departments, including a three-year stint managing the Tokyo office. “He is now in charge of allegedly diverse institutions at a time when banking is becoming more complex, competitive and risky. ‘Banks can't be all things to all people anymore,’” says Jayne Keating, financial services analyst with Merrill Lynch Canada. “Increasingly, they are being forced to pick and choose their clients. Tough decisions have to be made, and that's what's going to keep him awake at night.” But in the near few months, Nixon may suffer from just the opposite: as he gets acquainted with a banking group that operates in as yet uncharted and territory, about 30 U.S. states and more than 30 countries. ■

The new leader of Canada's biggest bank is not a conventional banker

Are the bankers paid too much?

Critics say compensation should be tied much more closely to performance

By Katherine Mucklen

Five million of the old Canadian dollar bills laid flat, side by side, would carpet seven football fields, and some included 15 enough to buy 15 comfortable homes in Toronto or 39 in Winnipeg—all mortgage free. It could support 14,500 children for a year through Foster Parent Plan. But it is not enough to cover last year's compensation package

for John Hunkin of CIBC who, at \$7.4 million, was the country's highest-paid bank CEO.

Hunkin peers at Canada's four other large banks piled in between \$3.15 million and \$4.87 million each for their year's work. Ironically, all the CEOs were edged by people who report to them: the heads of the bank-owned brokerages whose business it is to raise and invest money. Those top package was

again at CIBC, where David Kassin, head of CIBC World Markets, made \$13.95 million.

There has always been a fascination with the hefty sums paid to the people who manage our money. The scrutiny is intensifying. Shareholders dislike the stock options part of the package, so it dilutes shareholder value. And some powerful institutional investors want the compensation packages stripped. One idea, backed by the activist Ontario Teachers Pension Plan Board, would reward a banker only when his institution performs better than its peers.

Two factors drive pay levels—how much the shareholders have done, says Ken Hugeson, who advises compensation committees of bank boards of directors. Canadiana looks south, says Hugeson, a consultant with Toronto-based William M. Mercer Ltd., because the pool in Canada is so small. One example: Henry Paulsen, the CEO of Goldman Sachs Group Inc., saw his compensation fall between 1999 and 2000, but at \$22.5 million (U.S.) he still took home a far finer package than any Canadian banker.

"You cannot compete in the world today if your people are not compensated at a level that allows an organization to attract the best and brightest," says Gordon Nixon, the Royal Bank of Canada's compensation banker. Nixon, who is CEO of RBC Dominion Securities Inc., took in nearly \$10.5 million last year, will replace John Cleghorn as CEO of the bank this summer—and may see his pay drop (Cleghorn was paid \$4.08 million last year). Nixon says a direct correlation exists between what paid to bank executives and the returns provided to shareholders.

The critics disagree. Bankers have been on an upswing ever since 9/11, they say, but not as a result of their chief leadership qualities. Instead, falling interest rates and financial industry deregulation have come into play, the critics say. The Teachers' Board does not object to the amount paid to the bankers as long as it's tied to performance, says spokeswoman Lee Fullerton. Still, at an average per CEO of close to \$5 million, it's a lot of football fields.

With Doreen Jacob in Toronto

WHO MAKES WHAT



Best compensation in millions, including salary, bonuses and deferred shares, in 2000 (excluding options)

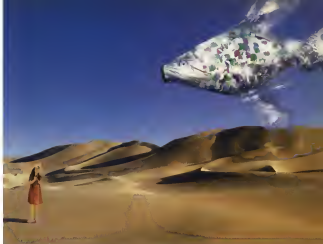
AT THE BANKS:

| | | |
|-----------------|---|--------|
| John Hunkin | Chairman and CEO, CIBC | \$7.4 |
| Charles Balfour | Chairman and CEO, Toronto-Dominion Bank | \$4.87 |
| Peter Gosses | Chairman and CEO, Bank of Nova Scotia | \$4.27 |
| John Cleghorn | Chairman and CEO, Royal Bank of Canada | \$4.08 |
| Tony Comper | Chairman and CEO, Bank of Montreal | \$3.15 |

AT THE BANK-OWNED BROKERAGES:

| | | |
|--------------|--|---------|
| David Kassin | CEO, CIBC World Markets | \$13.95 |
| David Wright | Chairman and CEO, TD Securities | \$10.5 |
| Gordon Nixon | CEO, RBC Dominion Securities | \$10.46 |
| Thay Ford | Chairman, BNC Dominion Securities | \$6.96 |
| David Wilson | Co-chairman and Co-CEO, Scotia Capital | \$7.06 |
| Jeffrey Orr | Chairman and CEO, BMO Nesbitt Burns | \$6.27 |

Source: company disclosures



EXPERIENCE



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LG Multimedia Monitor
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Multi-format compatibility. Plug & Play. Digital Zoom. HD mode. Extensive Size & Video Input.



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Picture quality is born with the ability to reproduce 10 trillion shades of color and frequencies from 20 to 30,000 Hz. Truly, wide-angle technology has been used to recreate the subtle textures and astounding range of sensory stimuli. LG's new capabilities of approximating.

Consequently, LG's new technology has extended the frontiers of video and audio reproduction by being digital design to create a new world. We make you to experience the results at your LG dealer today. www.lg-usa.com



Digitally yours

Going up? Get an update, too

By Amy Cassmore

The only sound in the small, glass-enclosed room is the clatter of keyboards. Two young reporters stare at their computer screens as numbers pour into the Toronto newscasts. Every few seconds, the journalists glance at four television sets hanging from the ceiling. Deadlines are tight. Keep it short. They finish, press Enter and send the story off to... an elevator?

That's right. At once, immediately, office workers across North America are reading the reporters' 10- to 12-word news briefs on screens while travelling between floors. And it is an idea on the rise. Soon elevator passages in some of the most famous skyscrapers of the New York City skyline—the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, the Chrysler Building—will read bulletins generated by the staff of a company that, until a merger last week, was a British Canadian start-up.

On the sixth floor of a downtown Toronto office building, Peter Irwin is selling the Elevator News Network concept. It

is, says the president of parent Newscast Communications Corp., a news and advertising medium designed for buildings that carry a highly targeted audience of managers and executives. The supply news briefs appear on custom-designed 30-cm screens that hang over the elevator doors. The in-

formation changes every 12 seconds, moving through local and national news, stock markets, weather, traffic, sports and more. And running along the bottom third of the screen, full-motion colour ads grab the passengers' eyes from the manic news above. Office workers are a very desirable audience, argues Irwin. "They are all highly educated, they are all employed."

Last week, in an all-stock transaction, ENN merged with its main rival, Woodfin, Mass.-based Capstone News Inc., to form a network currently reaching 750,000 business professionals daily in 250 buildings. "We now have the ability to take on the likes of *The Wall Street Journal* as being a viable advertising alternative in the United States," maintains Irwin, who will continue to head the Canadian subsidiary under the ENN name. Combining Capstone's wireless technology and ENN's success in gaining private contracts in Canada and the United States, the new firm will have a virtual monopoly on the emerging medium.

The scrapping simply adds origin to Irwin's 1995 when Canadian Elvivo Incorporated set up a cottage on a weekend. Dean Lachure, a civil engineer, was coming up with how to disseminate traffic information in a city. With his brother Neil and friend Steve Aron, Lachure came up with ENN, then scraped up some seed money and cobbled together a business plan. Irwin,



Irwin breathes ENN news: a highly desirable audience

a former cable and Internet media executive, joined in 1997 to help run the venture into a business.

Building by building, ENN built up A-list clients such as Toronto's BCE Place, Vancouver's Granville Square and office towers in Calgary, Chicago and Dallas as well as the New York classic. Journalists in each city suggest the Toronto news feed. With Capstone set to run the U.S. end, ENN plans to move into Montreal and Edmonton later this year.

Some critics are already hooked on elevator news. "You get a better update on an elevator ride than you do sometimes on the Internet," says sales executive Scott Martindale, who works on an upper floor of Vancouver's Park Place building. Irwin declines to discuss numbers, but most revenue comes from ads sold to national sponsors and to local areas catering to workers in their building. On average, says Irwin, people make 3.5 elevator trips daily, with a typical ride lasting 45 seconds. Add that most people, surrounded by strangers, are relieved to have something besides the floor indicator to look at, and there should be nowhere for ENN to go but up. ☐



The Street
Deirdre McMurdy

The car buyer's clout

With his large bulk and clean-shaven head, Art Redmond looks more like an NFL linebacker than a corporate strategist. But at Ford Motor Co.'s world headquarters in Dearborn, Mich., he's an important part of the automaker's grab for market share as an increasingly carmaker game. His official title is executive director, global consumer insights, which means that Redmond is a "trend tracker," responsible for identifying the consumer trends that will allow Ford to build a strong, lasting bond with consumers. "We don't just want to sell you a car, we want a emotional relationship with you," says Redmond. "And we're looking for a long-term commitment."

Although he admits there's nothing terribly scientific or even quantifiable about the research conducted by his department, Redmond—who obtained a degree in computer science before venting into trend-spotting—considers that paying close attention to the needs and wants of drivers is a surprisingly recent phenomenon among carmakers. The latest downturn in demand for new cars, along with the advent of highly competitive global markets and the empowerment of consumers through the Internet, has altered the relationship and given the consumer more clout. "Consumers have access to knowledge and information they never had before—and they aren't shy about using it," he says. That often means that by the time they arrive at a dealer's showroom, they have clear expectations—and an even clearer idea of precisely the features they want and what they have to pay to get them.

"We have to respond to that," says Redmond.

The catch is that Ford, like several major car companies, is in the process of retooling its costly retail distribution network. That means the challenge is to build this "emotional" bond with consumers at the same time as the number of points of interaction are reduced. And that's where Redmond's research enters the equation: lowering the cost of sales and distribution by anticipating and meeting consumer demand more efficiently.

Perhaps the most obvious phenomenon to which carmakers must pay attention is the aging, wealthy baby boom population. That means inclusion of special right-of-vision features, tiny video cameras used to eliminate blind spots and enlarged buttons, instruments and controls for easier use. Redmond also notes that although Ford owns the Young Drivers of Canada driving school, it's now devising more of its programs to defensive tips for mature drivers.

The aging population with disposable income is also behind the resurgence of retro designs. In 1988, Volkswagen

had a hit with its rehash of the Beetle, and last year Chrysler made a huge score with its 1990s-styled PT Cruiser. This year, BMW has reintroduced the Mini Cooper and Ford has brought back the Thunderbird from the 1970s, as well as a special edition "Bullitt" Mustang, straight from Steve McQueen's 1968 film of the same name. "The idea is to take the icons of the past and combine them with all the latest technology and toys," notes Redmond. "The older brands are evocative, and those memories help to tip into that emotional element we want to get at." One difference, however, in bringing the past to the present is price: while the original Mini Cooper, for example, was targeted at low-end buyers, the luxurious new model will come in at close to \$30,000.

There is also the growing force of women as car buyers.

Boomers, women and Net surfers are all changing the auto business, says a top Ford 'trend tracker'

According to Redmond, women are more brand-conscious to begin with, and they're also more inclined to develop relationships with products and companies. He points out that labor supports, adjustable seats and pedals, and sunroof that don't obstruct while moving—which are all becoming standard equipment—were actually developed in response to feedback from female consumers. And Ford is exploring the application of a laser-scanning system, developed by the U.S. Army for its pilots, which would ultimately allow for a custom body fit of an entire car interior.

Although Redmond insists that most consumer trends cut across international borders and cultures, he allows that "globalization" is an important consideration to stay contemporary beyond borders. That means that even though the Internet and global markets have homogenized tastes, people still crave customized, local features. In Canada, that may mean a carmaker must emphasize heated seats and window defrosters rather than air-conditioning. And headwinds for North America designs remain typically suited for the same models sold in Asia. Similarly, Redmond says that certain colours are more sought after in some countries than others.

Among other trends he sees is what he calls the "bi-polarization" of brands. This means that the middle market is being eroded by preference for either clearly fashionable, "value" brands or the greater prestige of "premium" brands.

As the North American auto sector continues to feel its pinch, Redmond predicts that manufacturers will further intensify their scrutiny of consumer demand, especially in light of the long and costly development cycle for new car models. Which means, for now, we'll all be in the driver's seat.

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Napster's duty

A U.S. federal judge ordered online song-swapping service Napster Inc. to block copyrighted tunes within 72 hours of receiving a list of such music from the recording industry. The judgment came after Napster's initial efforts to block songs proved ineffective. Users quickly found a way around the screening, using code words or misspellings to find certain tunes. Judge Marilyn Hall Patel wrote that "does not relieve Napster of its duty."

Nortel's letter of intent

Telecom giant Nortel Networks Corp. will defend itself "vigorously" against dual-screen lawsuits, says an open letter from CEO John Rochon to shareholders and published in 10 Canadian newspapers. As many as 20 lawsuits were launched against the Brampton, Ont.-based optical systems maker after it forecast slower than anticipated sales growth this year.

Buying up Irwin Toys

Toronto-based Irwin Toys Inc., controlled by an often-feuding family, announced it would be sold to private holding company Lingorap Investments Ltd., also of Toronto, for about \$55 million. The 75-year-old company, which holds Canadian rights to Slinky and Yo-Yo, will keep its name.

Lumber war in the works

U.S. lumber producers and they will ask Washington to slap antidumping and countervailing duties against Canada immediately after the current five-year softwood lumber agreement expires on March 31. Such a move would result in billions of dollars worth of losses on Canadian exports.

Corus switches channels

Toronto-based broadcaster Corus Entertainment Inc. said it will buy the Women's Television Network for \$205 million from Winnipeg's Moffett Communications Ltd. Corus will also add its 50-per-cent interest in Family Channel Inc. to Aural Media Inc., owner of The Movie Network, for \$130 million. The move complies with a regulatory order limiting concentration of youth channels.

A call to jam cellphones

In a darkened theatre, the movie is just reaching an intense climax when suddenly, DEEDLY-DEE-DOO-DEEDLY-DOO, someone's musical cellphone loudly rings out. Is that annoying enough to forcibly ban? The federal government wants to find out. Over the next four months, Industry Canada will take public submissions on whether to license technologies—known as cellphone jammers—that would stop mobiles from ringing in places such as movie theatres, restaurants, hospitals and boardrooms. Licenses are currently issued only to law-enforcement officials. The range of jamming devices includes ones that can completely disable the phone, turn the volume down or even switch it from ring mode to vibrate.



Answering the ring: annoyance

Over nine million Canadians use mobile phones. The wireless industry is fighting against the use of jammers, arguing they could interfere with emergency calls, but many individuals and businesses back licensing in order to keep parts of their daily lives ring-free. The United States has banned jammers, on the grounds they could affect neighbouring areas, but several countries in Europe and Asia are also studying whether to allow them.

Highs and lows at Air Canada

No sooner had the Competition Bureau charged Air Canada with using low fares to squeeze discount carriers than the Canadian Transportation Agency added that the airline's gains on another route are too high. The Montreal-based carrier denied allegations of predatory pricing against Carjet and WestJet for seven routes in Eastern Canada where it dropped prices by about \$900 to match its competitors' \$99 fares. The airline also rejected claims it inflated fares on a route it monopolized for several months between Vancouver and Prince Rupert, B.C.

Financial Outlook

To David Dodge, interest rates just now are, in his old Montreal, "a very, very tricky judgement call for us." The head of the Bank of Canada is only too aware that rates can take a year or more to work through the economy. So if, as some analysts have predicted, the current downturn might be over in a matter of months, rate cuts could actually overshadow a recovering economy. All the more significant, then, that Dodge's bank slashed rates by half a percentage point last week—double what some analysts expected—and predictions of further

cuts on the way. Both Dodge and his U.S. counterpart, Alan Greenspan, have grown gloomier about the U.S. economy's prospects. The inevitable follow-up is a shuddering loaner.



DEALING WITH TECH RAGE

Ever feel like hurling
your computer
out the window?
You're not alone

By Chris Wood

You know the feeling. Some people get it when their VCR blots "12:00 12:00 12:00..." But even folks who long ago tossed out their stress can be driven to fury by a fickle cellphone, some truly misnamed piece of "productivity" software or a message in Deep Creek accusing them of consuming Total Drama 12's. Be honest: lately you, at least once, really wanted to leave your PC, not the nature window? Thought so.

High-tech gadgets and their associated software promise to make life better, more productive, simpler. But new and powerful software is by nature complex. Each new program, gadget or communication device—even the latest set of endless voice-mail prompts at the gas company—creates new demands on time and attention. When a new technology makes people feel dumb, some snap. While it is difficult to isolate the effect of information technology on people's stress levels—as compared, say, with working long, hard days in an environment of corporate cutbacks—what's been dubbed "IT rage" is setting off alarm bells for business, researchers and the world's biggest software maker, Microsoft Corp.

Incidents are recorded, but studies indicate that IT rage, or "techno-rage," is mounting. Eighty per cent of Canadian managers and executives surveyed last year by Alberta's Athabasca University admitted to stress at work over pressure to adopt new technology. Focus groups conducted for the study

revealed tales of laptops hurled at walls and screaming matches over tablet PCs. An earlier survey by Marlow, Mass.-based Concord Communications Inc. found that 83 per cent of corporate IT managers had seen enraged workers violently abuse computer equipment. The most common targets: keyboards, followed by monitors and mice. But what sets off an explosion need not be as quip of a particular piece of software or hardware. Often it is a secondary effect of technology, such as an endless avalanche of e-mail. "We think a lot of IT rage comes from badly designed systems," says Peter Carr, the Athabasca business dean who oversaw the survey. "People haven't really understood how big the change is they're trying to make."

E-mail took the list of annoyances.

While it undoubtedly improves speed and can

cut the cost of sending messages, it has

quickly become an insatiable consumer of

time. The average middle manager, ac-

cording to one count, gets upwards of 100

e-mails a day. Productivity expert Dan

Stump, whose Vancouver company Priority

Management Systems Inc. has clients in

15 countries, deplores the way e-mail

dominates many managers' work lives.

"People want the day by making the fur-

ious mistake of opening their e-mail

instead of working to a plan," Stump

says. "The last hour and a half of the day is

spent on complete rubbish."

Larry Rosen and Michelle Weil, U.S.

psychologists who authored the 1997

book *Technostress: Coping with Technology*

at Wiley & Sons (Wiley), have identified no

fewer than seven different forms of the

affliction. These range from the over-

estimating process of learning how to use

new technology to the blaming of work

and home life as a result of innovations like

e-mail, call-forwarding and wireless

phones. "Nearly everyone tells us they are

trying to do too many things at the same time," says Rosen,

who teaches at California State University, Dominguez Hills.

Comparing data over four years, Rosen and Weil found that

skepticism towards technology has risen steadily—even in

the New Economy study area of Southern California.

Other experts blame any backlash against technology in part

on exaggerated expectations that powerful new software will

also be simple and easy to use. In fact, learning to use new

systems may crush some people's self-confidence. Many tech-

nologists, notes Stump, "are becoming so sophisticated, so com-

plex, that the average Joe can't ever get an app up there." Adds John

Pedra, publisher of *CIO Canada* magazine, a Toronto

publication aimed at IT executives, and co-sponsor of the

Athabasca study: "Users find the first time they use a new IT

system, they're not as competent as they used to be on the old

one. They feel, 'I don't know how to do this job anymore.'"

At Microsoft Canada, marketing manager Susan Sharp

refuses to accept that her company has raised false expectations about how easy its products are to use. She simply promises that "you'll be moving forward that software is only going to become more friendly." Even so, Sharp has gone on the offensive against the perception that technology is a barrier to quality of life. In December and January, Microsoft Canada equipped five Canadian executives with personal technology products, including Office 2000 software and gadgets like a Pocket PC and a portable printer, and trained them in their use. The goal, says Sharp, "was to demonstrate that technology really isn't as overwhelming to people think, that business professionals can achieve success and a better balance between their private and professional lives."

One participant was London, Ont.,

mother, grandmother and housewife

Branda Macdonald. The president of

Clyde and Grier Assets Canada Ltd., a

company that makes playpens and other

concernative items, Macdonald has

one daughter still living at home. A

husband who spends more work nights in

Toronto, where he is a president of Jazzen

Leisure Products Inc., means most of the

parenting burden falls on Macdonald. "I

don't have enough hours in the day," she

complains. "I thought, if I could get up to

speed on the technology it might assist

me." She found a had on the day she

needed to take her daughter to the ortho-

donist—and used her time in the waiting

room to go through e-mail she had trans-

ferred to her Pocket PC. Like other par-

icipants, though, Macdonald credits her

success as much to the training as to the

new technology she now uses.

Training, however, does not cause in the

box with most technology products. Pro-

blems still abound. According to Stump,

a growing number of businesses hoping

productivity software for their employees

also invest in training them how to use the new tools—at a

cost of \$300 to \$500 a day per worker. Drill into Microsoft

Canada's Web site, meanwhile, and you can find a time-lim-

ited free offer of several CD-ROM discs containing tips on

using its most popular office programs.

Computers may one day help reduce the stress them-

selves. Researchers at IBM are working on something called

the "Emotion Mouse." Measuring skin temperature, sweat

and heart rate, it is designed to know when a user is about

to blow—and perhaps suggest, on-screen, that he or she

take a break. But until then, Canadian life is master tech-

nology on their own may need to find a handle

prescription. Breathe deeply. Count to 10. And dare we

suggest: read the manual.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR COOL

Experts recommend these ways
to help keep IT rage:

Set boundaries. Put aside
time each day to turn the
technology off and devote
attention to family or private pursuits.

Choose with care. Ask
whether a new device really
will simplify your life, or just add
more complexity.

Lower expectations.
Prepare to invest time be-
fore you become adept enough
at new tech to enjoy its
full benefits.

Balance priorities. Work
according to your own plan
rather than the demands of your
technology. Don't give e-mail
when it is irrelevant, not when
it comes.

also invest in training them how to use the new tools—at a

cost of \$300 to \$500 a day per worker. Drill into Microsoft

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suggest: read the manual.

Don't let technology stress you out? Help us on Web site www.microsoft.com/cool

The key to quick fill-ups

Time is money, even at the gas station. Fast on amazing busy drivers, Shell Canada Ltd. has gone beyond pay-at-the-pump card swiping. The oil giant has just introduced easyPay, an elegant bit of electronic hardware that allows a driver to pay for fill-ups with little more than a wave of the hand. "It's," says Tim Edwards, Shell's easyPay project coordinator, "extremely fast."

Designed by Dallas-based Texas Instruments Inc., Telikom Corp. of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Shell, easyPay is a snap to use. Drivers first set up an account with Shell, which then issues customers a key-chain tag with an embedded microchip. The chip works in tandem with radio antennas installed



Playing with a wave of the hand: elegant

on pumps at more than 200 Shell gas stations in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, with more locations to come. All a driver has to do is dangle the tag within 10 cm of the easyPay logo on the pump.

The electromagnetic energy of the radio waves from the antenna charges a tiny capacitor in the tag in a 20th of a second, providing the tag's chip with enough power to automatically transmit a numerical code to the pump. A computer matches the information to the driver's account and bills the gas purchase to a designated credit card. Loyalty points are awarded automatically. For the moment, the Canadian tags do not work at U.S. gas stations. And if you lose your car keys, a call to Shell disables the tag.

Zooming in

Bulky cameras often get left at home, but Canon's PowerShot S300 digital Elph travel light. Weighing in at 241 grams, the \$1,050, palm-sized device is, Canon boasts, the lightest and smallest of its kind. Given its size, a key feature is its 30,000,000, equivalent to a 35-105-mm lens in the 35-mm format. Available in May, the S300 also



gigantic in some image-quality modes with resolution of up to 2.1 megapixels. Credit card-sized colour prints can be made with Canon's CP-10 printer, sold separately. The S300 is also capable of taking movie clips with audio for up to 30 seconds. The clips can be edited and played on the S300's display, a TV or a PC monitor.

Danyle Havelshak

COOL SITE

A vivid past

History buffs may find some intriguing items at www.educational-cd-roms.ca. Produced by a publisher of educational CD-ROMs, the site provides concise, attractively illustrated abstracts on events from ancient times to the 20th century. There are also links to vivid audio files, such as a radio account of the American invasion of the Japanese island stronghold of Iwo Jima, and British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's declaration of war on Germany in 1939.

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Marching in Pretoria



Protesters demonstrate in the South African capital shortly before the last-minute postponement of a court case seen as pivotal in efforts to supply victims in poor nations with generic versions of costly AIDS drugs. Pharmaceutical firms are challenging a law that allows the South African government to ignore patents and import generic drugs in emergencies. A judge postponed the hearing to April 18 after drug companies asked for more time to prepare a response to an AIDS group's request to take part in the hearings. About 4.5 million South Africans are HIV-infected or have AIDS, and few can afford the combination drug treatment that can cost \$15,000 a year.

Radiation and disease

The latest examination of the controversy over electromagnetic radiation as a possible health hazard does little to settle the issue. A British scientific panel concludes that EMR produced by household appliances or high-voltage power lines may play a small role in childhood leukemia. But the scientists also say the evidence suggesting a link is not strong enough to prove that the radiation caused leukemia in children. The panel, appointed by Britain's National Radiological Protection Board, based its findings on an examination of earlier studies that have investigated the possibility of a link between EMR and cancer in children and adults. Sir Richard Doll, the epidemiologist who led the study, said he could not see a definite link between electromagnetic radiation and childhood leukemia. "I am not convinced there is an association," he said. "But some other epidemiologists might be."



Power lines still no definite cancer cause

Another benefit from ASA

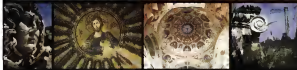
Taking a single tablet of the common pain medicine acetylsalicylic acid (ASA) three times a week on a regular basis might significantly reduce women's risk of developing the most common form of ovarian cancer, a U.S. study has found. Researchers at the New York University School of Medicine in New York City told a medical conference in Nashville that more research was needed, and warned that women who used ASA risked developing ulcers. The study involved 718 women who answered a questionnaire about their use of ASA between 1994 and 1996. Of the 68 women who subsequently developed ovarian cancer, 50 per cent used ASA regularly. Sixteen per cent of those who did not develop ovarian cancer had taken the pills.

Malaria's constant threat

Cases of potentially fatal malaria among Canadian travelers have risen dramatically in recent years, partly because victims fail to take precautions, a group of Canadian doctors reported. A study published in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* said that in 1997 the number of Canadian travelers who contracted malaria rose to more than 1,000. The mosquito-borne disease kills up to three million people a year in sub-Saharan Africa, India, Southeast Asia and other tropical areas. The study found that Canadians abroad often contract malaria after failing to use protective drugs as prescribed. The study's authors called on the travel industry and physicians to make greater efforts to prepare Canadians heading for high-risk regions.

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Greenhalgh with student Julie Parnaby—'increasingly inspirational'

Education Designing the future

By John DeMont

When Paul Greenhalgh, the internationally regarded ceramicist and art scholar, took over as president of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in January, he was questioned by the media. In recent months, through public lectures and one-on-one discussions, the brainy Don has had plenty of opportunity to impress students and faculty with the breadth of his scholarship and the grand scope of his vision for the tiny Halifax college. Convinced that he fully understood their school, however, took a single inspired act: he granted up the coffers. One went the vending machines and industrial-style furniture. In came catered coffee, fresh puerros and comfortable sofas. "When I saw this I said, 'We're back in business,'" says Garry Neil Kennedy, who presided over NSCAD from 1967 to 1990, and still teaches there. "How can you have an art school without a place for people to relax and throw around ideas?"

A grand vision for the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design

That's as good a description as any of NSCAD, the college founded in 1887 by Anna Lowmore, the British teacher immortalized in *The King and I*. By the mid-1950s, the school was still small

with three art schools, 150 students and the sliver of the lovely 45-year-old, who arrived just as Art Nouveau 1890-1914, the acclaimed exhibition that he curated for London's Victoria & Albert Museum, was winning critical success at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. A little less obvious, perhaps, is why someone would chuck a golf in head of mischief at the illustrious Victoria & Albert, with its 16 km of gal-

leries, to run a school with 763 full-time students, housed in a series of aging buildings in downtown Halifax. After six years on the Art Nouveau project, Greenhalgh says he was ready for a new challenge: "I wanted to take part in this grand experiment."

That's as good a description as any of NSCAD, the college founded in 1887 by Anna Lowmore, the British teacher immortalized in *The King and I*. By the mid-1950s, the school was still small

enough to be housed in a church hall. But in 1967, Kennedy, a painter from St. Catharines, Ont., arrived with a group of instructors who shared his desire to transform the school into a centre of cutting-edge art. "It was an extremely exciting time," recalls former student and celebrated painter Tim Zuck, who taught there from 1972 to 1979. "We had this sense of freedom, the sense that everything was possible."

The international art world certainly noticed. A 1973 article in the influential magazine *Art in America* suggested that NSCAD just might be "the best art school in North America." Former Eric Fischl and photographer-filmmaker Robert Frank arrived to teach, Andy Warhol received an honorary doctorate and the influential avant-garde German artist Joseph Beuys addressed the 1976 graduating class. Meanwhile, the list of alumni reads like a who's who of Canadian culture: painters Doug Kirwan and Michael Lussier, rising filmmaker Thom Fitzgerald (*The Hairy Garden*) and Andras Dorfman (*Hardly Dry*). Musicians Sarah McLachlan, Jeremy Rankin and members of Sloan all attended NSCAD. "Its influence has been immense," says Christina Ritchie, artistic director of contemporary art at the Art Gallery of Ontario, who studied at NSCAD in the early 1970s.

But NSCAD seemed to lose some of its edge when Kennedy, who has just had a one-man show at Ontario's National Gallery, left the president's office in 1990. The cathexis of the '90s did not help the school regain its zip. In 1998, NSCAD appointed an interim president, while it conducted a three-year search for a permanent head.

The hope is that Greenhalgh, who likes drinking dark beer, reading 20th-century poetry and following his beloved Boston Red Soxers soccer club, was worth the wait. Born in the northern England textile town of Bolton, he discovered a facility for drawing as a child and later studied painting and art history at the University of Reading and London's Courtauld Institute. After graduation, he worked at the Royal College of Art and was head of art history at London's renowned Courtauld

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And that's not all. Her research is also having an impact on the quality of steel being produced. Once again using mathematical models, she has helped steel makers identify when and why certain defects occur during continuous casting, where liquid metal is converted to solid steel. The results of her research are being used by steel producers around the world.

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Education

College of Arts before joining the Victoria & Albert in 1994. As head of research, he effectively ran all exhibitions as well as the museum's scholarly press. "Intellectually, he is way ahead of the rest of us," says Anna Jackson, a curator at the museum. "But he is also extremely inspirational and occasionally dynamic."

Moving to Nova Scotia without his wife and two children in the worst winter in recent memory hardly dented that enthusiasm. Greenhalgh is striking high: he maintains that Halifax, with its combination of literary and youthful culture, is bursting with a rare kind of artistic potential. Says Greenhalgh: "We are going to create the ultimate academy of art in a Canadian context, right here." Realizing that NSCAD will rebuild its reputation by nurturing the best artists and craftspeople, he also thinks the college has to better reflect the changing world. NSCAD has already begun shifting directions, offering degrees in digital communications and environmental planning. Now, Greenhalgh is developing a film school, along with new programs in fashion, glass and product design, and new graduate programs in visual arts, plus museum studies and cultural planning. He is determined to forge relationships with galleries, museums and other institutions inside and outside Canada to improve the career prospects of NSCAD grads.

Both his enthusiasm and ideas are winning important allies. The Nova Scotia government has named Greenhalgh that there is nothing to the persistent rumour that the cash-strapped province wants to amalgamate NSCAD with another postsecondary institution. But other challenges still loom: the loss of NSCAD's 19th-century buildings in 2008, and the college, with its modest endowment, is about to go looking for new digs. Greenhalgh wants a second campus to house the new programs on the downtown board. In the meantime, he has already thrown himself into the more immediate job: showing he can revitalize NSCAD—and in the process, reinvent himself. ■

People

Edited by Shande Dettol

Father doesn't always know best

Lately, Eugene Levy has been *Leaving a lot of dad duty*—on-screen and off. The *SCVTV* starman, who lives in Toronto, has been shooting the sequel to the 1999 hit comedy *American Pie*, in which he plays the needy but concerned father of a sexually awkward son. And on television, Levy provides the voice of an ineffectual dad in the new animated sitcom *Comedians!* Levy, 54—who has two teenagers—says the show reminds him of his early days of par-



Levy's a dad who plays one on TV

enting. "My wife would be upstairs doing most of the baby stuff and I found myself in front of the tube," he recalls. "It didn't occur to me that there might be something I could be helping with."

Levy, whose wife, Deborah, is a stay-at-home mom, now sees what a daunting job motherhood really is. "In my experience, you either read reviews or do interviews—you're constantly getting feedback," says Levy. "My wife would kill for feedback. 'How about this,' she says. 'Fabulous blazer! Try a light mom,' or 'How did you sleep these past two?' By comparison, comedy may just be the easier profession.



Levy's 19-member troupe is full of energy, edge and attitude

More fun with a fiddle

When Anthony Moore and his four Calgary-based partners set out in 1996 to create *Barrage*—a high-energy violin/fiddle troupe—they were seriously seeking attitude. "During auditions, we looked closely for the edge and energy needed for the music," says Moore. "It's a fun, young ensemble."

The 14-member group—all but two are from Canada—is now on a North American tour. The show, *A Violin Step*, a *Fiddle Dances*, is a two-hour, high-octave performance that showcases the difference between violin and fiddle music. "We don't play in a conventional way," says 22-year-old fiddler Lynne Oliver of the troupe's style, which is often compared to such acts as *Pinkard and Sings*.

Barrage, whose self-titled album currently sits in fifth position on the *Billboard* world music chart, incorporates such wide-ranging musical influences as calypso, swing, country, jazz, classical and pop into their music. "Our goal is to convert the violin," Oliver says, "and make the fiddle cool again."

Fighting for her life

"Great God, this is an awful place." During 11 months at the South Pole, Dr. Jens Nielsen often thought of Robert Scott's famous 1912 diary entry made when he reached the Pole. "But it's not terrible," Nielsen says. "It's beautiful, and my time there was the happiest of my life." It's quite a tribute from the emergency room physician who left her felled 23-year marriage in Cleveland for a stint in self-isolation at the Pole's American research station—only to find an ominous lump in her right breast after the Antarctic winter shut down all flights in or out.

Nielsen performed a biopsy on herself with the help of the close friends she made there—from

women to snow geese. She also trained them to conduct a chemotherapy program. When the tumour failed to respond to treatment, a volunteer flight team from New York pulled her out as a dangerous rescue. "With her cancer now in remission after a mastectomy, Nielsen, 49—who whose children live with her ex-husband—spends time in her beachfront home near Cape Fear, N.C., or on the road promoting for *Barrage*, her account of her experiences. Her only regret about her stay at the South Pole is that she is no match of a health risk to repeat it. "The irony of my life," she says, "is that I find the best place in the world, people who accept one-way and I can't go back."

Nielsen, emergency medic at the South Pole



Cycles of Creativity

A new show surveys the many passions of the late Ontario artist Greg Curnoe

By Patricia Chisholm

Even those who barely know his work remember the obsession with bikes. There is the painting of a wheel mounted on a steel—the impression of movement juxtaposed with static in one harmonious whole—or the single, multicoloured circle whirling around the canvas, or the many varied images of actual bicycles. And, of course, there's his tragic cycling death in 1992, when he was hit by a pickup truck while out with his riding club. He was only 56. But in addition to being one of Canada's best-known artists, Greg Curnoe may also have been one of its most eclectic. His passions—

and working, he walked all over London—was a way of moving over the landscape in a manner that allows you to know it."

The core of the show is drawn from two large acquisitions of Curnoe's work from his widow, Sheila, in 1996. (The gallery, in collaboration with Vancouver publisher Douglas & McIntyre, has also produced a book, *Greg Curnoe: Life and Style* with essays by Reid and Toronto critic Sarah Milroy, to mark the occasion.) In the view of many, including Reid, a celebration of the artist's career is overdue. "It has been eight years since his death, and there is a whole new generation that doesn't know him at all," Reid says. "I think this exhibition brings his work together in a way that will surprise people."

Curnoe once declared that he refused "to make the distinction between art and life." More than in the case with most artists, it is impossible to fully appreciate his work without at least a passing familiarity with his obsessions. The eldest of

Dead (1965),
Majapahit T.E. (1978)
(opposite) *Forever to bicycle's lightness and strength*



The artist in the real-life release

17, "He had the kind of cynicism and engagement that children have, even though he was not childlike."

Spread over four rooms, the show feels like a walking tour of the artist's wide-ranging enthusiasms. Organized by the themes that consumed him—among them family, cycling, art and politics, friends, landscapes—the exhibit is a riot of visual styles and moods. Small, subtle ink drawings of family members sit across from splashy paintings of flattened, anonymous figures in his pop-art colours. Other large works that are little more than expanse of fat, black, sometimes angry, red come just before a room devoted to contemplative cycling images—careful, delicately drawn homages to the bicycle's language of lightness and strength. "Cycling brought a satisfying routine to his life," Reid notes. "It related closely to his own understanding that meaning flows from an intense relationship with a place. The cycling—



seven children growing up in a family of modest means, Curnoe maintained a striking duality of privilege. He was a passionate defender of artists' rights and an ardent patriot, making no apologies for his anti-American views. He was an integral part of—some would say the driving force behind—the vibrant London art scene of the 1960s and '70s, when artists like Jack Chambers, Ron Mann and Terry Upchurch were also in ascendency. And while he kept a close eye on the international art scene, he also insisted that efforts to emulate New York, London or Paris were doomed. As he roared in a 1970 interview: "You cannot afford to ignore what's going on outside, but you must not lose sight of what's fine the things within hearing and seeing distance. That's where it all starts."

His interests were vast and constantly in flux. Although he entered London's H. B. Real Technical and Commercial High School wanting to be a cartoonist, his discovery of movement like Cubism and Dada soon sent him on a broader course. A fierce individualist who dismissed hierarchy and authority, he nonetheless helped found and ran several organizations, including a magazine, several artists' galleries and the Nineties Space Band, devoted to making (often discarded) music on homemade instruments. In 1971, the year his third child was born and Curnoe turned 35—a time when many adults put away their bikes for good—he took up competitive cycling, eventually becoming an expert on repairs and high-end bike

parts. And in 1980, a squabble about the title to his property triggered an exhaustive investigation that eventually reached back to 5000 BC through Cownlands and native occupation, and generated more than 100 manuscript pages that were published posthumously in two books, *Danforthmen* and *Danforthmen*.

There were rough times. In the late 1970s and early '80s, he endured a period of slow sales, and of decidedly mixed reviews for shows including an ambitious touring exhibition mounted by the National Gallery of Canada in 1978. Some critics belittled Curnoe's work as no longer cutting-edge and had become overly reliant on the personal and the political. Nor given to introspection by nature, Curnoe produced some of his more self-critical pieces during this period, including a 1983 musical portrait of himself unlovingly stuffed into cycling gear, *Mobile April Now in LCW Riding Suit*. But by the mid- to late 1980s, he began making a strong comeback in 1987 there was a successful Toronto show of large-format text works using rubber stamps, and the insights generated by his business research led to a well-received artwork in book form, *Blue Road 8* in 1989, as well as a series of all-son self-portraits in the early 1990s. Clearly, the same energy and passion for experience that had animated his remarkable career propelled him right up to the end.

For more images of Greg Curnoe work, visit www.gregcurnoe.com

Fun and games with Harry

Two manuals from Harry Potter's wizardry school will help the poor

Non-magical Canadians may not be accustomed to thinking of Moose Jaw, Sask., as one of the nation's great scenic attractions, but so it proves to be in the enchanted world of *Harry Potter*. J. K. Rowling's phenomenally popular boy wizard, The Potter, is home to the most celebrated of Canada's three internationally known Quidditch teams (Quidditch is the fabulous game of wizards and witches, an airborne sport somewhat akin to soccer; Canada's other prominent sides are the Hallowbury Hurricanes from Ontario and Manitoba's Stoneyville Stormers). But it's the Moose Jaw Meteors who gull in victories from around the magical world to watch the team perform victory flights while evading fiery quaffles from their harshest foes—a habit that almost got them disbanded in the 1970s by the publicity-shy Ministry of Magic.

Those folks, and much else about Quidditch and the extraordinary creatures that intruded Harry, became visible worldwide on March 12 with the publication of two textbooks used at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, where the hero is a student. Written under the pen names of Kenneth Whitley (*Quidditch Through the Ages*) and Newt Scamander (*Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*), the \$5.99 paperbacks are Rowling's donation to the British charity Comic Relief. And not just her contribution. In Canada, Rowling's publisher, Vancouver's Raincoast Books, as well as printers, paper suppliers, bookellers and all buyers, have also pitched in. Almost all of the money raised by the Canadian



Rowling: *Moose Jaw* has a hot Quidditch team

print run of 800,000 copies will go to Comic Relief, founded in 1985 by a group of British comedians to finance projects in the world's poorest countries. Quidditch belongs to the Hogwarts library, and comes complete with a curse from the school librarian on anyone who might harm the book. But *Fantastic Beasts* is Harry's own copy, with annotations and doodles in his hand. (And in his interlud, too—Ron Weasley has been forced to share Harry's copy according to a cautious note by their pal Hermione Granger, because he spent his book money on daogobobs.) With the fifth volume of the most popular series in the history of children's literature, it's due for almost a year, frustrated fans would probably snap up these slim volumes in any case. But, in fact, even as limited a form as a purported school book, Rowling's power to draw readers into Harry's world is undimmed.

The history of Quidditch, a game no

easier (though certainly no harder) than cricket for outsiders to understand, is driven along nicely by Rowling's humorous tales of epic—and bloody—past matches. In the manner of golf, Quidditch's true origins are lost in time, but one train of descent clearly leads back to the medieval Scottish game of Craitheona. Requiring players to strap cauldrons on their heads and attempt to catch balls, it was popular for centuries "despite the huge number of fatalities."

The history, which lists creatures from A to Z, gives Rowling scope for dozens of small stories. The scary Nundu—read XXXXX for "known wizard killer"—is a gigantic Red African leopard with a toxic breath, which

"has never yet been subdued by fewer than a hundred skilled wizards working together." Another quimble X is the Arkenstantia, an intelligent spider with a four-meter leg span and a taste for human flesh. Author Scamander's final comment that its renowned presence in Scotland is "unconfirmed" has that word scratched out and replaced by the handwritten note "confirmed by Harry Potter and Ron Weasley." (The two briefly escaped being eaten by one in *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*.) And Rowling gladly draws up a recipe that has long troubled ordinary mortals: the Loch Ness monster is actually a Kelpie, a shape-shifting water demon that escapes detection by turning itself into an otter or something equally harmless when observers come too close. The Scottish—and Saskatchewan—tourist boards may want to pay close attention.

Brian Bethune

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A dandy with a deadly proposition

In 1990, Darren Hazzan, a Victoria teen, convinced two classmates to murder his wealthy mother and grandfather by promising to share his inheritance. Hazzan, then 17, was living in a fantasy world inspired by the Albert Camus play *Caligula*. He believed he was himself an emperor, and enlisted fellow students David Muir and Derek Load as his soldiers. Soon, a new film by acclaimed Canadian dancer Sarah Gammison (*The Diary of Evelyn Lang*, *Such a Long Journey*), tells Hazzan's story right up to his imprisonment for life. Arriving on the CBC on March 18 (9 p.m.), it also deals a hidden aspect of the real-life incident: life.

Gammison has said he viewed the film not from Hazzan's point of view, to enter his fantasy. Therefore, Hazzan was the only one of the three boys interviewed by the filmmaker. They take his word on why Load and Muir followed



Johnsen (left), Fletcher: a creepy rich kid got his way

him—irresistible charm. But Gammison seems to credit Hazzan's homicidal allure. As portrayed by Eric Johnson, Hazzan is an over-the-top dandy who wears about six suits and dresses gowns while drawing up evil schemes. It all seems unbelievable. And despite strong performances by Brendan Fletcher and Bill Switzer as the juvenile hit men, the actors are unable to express what Load and Muir have yet to divulge: their motivation for going along with this creepy rich kid.

At the end of *Sevens*, the filmmaker notes that Hazzan will not be eligible for full parole for 25 years, but the fate of his accomplices isn't even mentioned. It turns out that Muir is eligible for parole after year, but Load would be eligible until he admits his guilt. The film's failure to tie up those significant loose ends leaves it open to criticism, not to mention scorn.

Sandra Deal

Brothers in a dangerous time

Like Come Dances, a new film by Jamaican-Canadian director Clemente Virgo (*Blade*), is the story of two brothers. Now in their 30s, Neville (American Larenzo Tate), and Matthew (Vancouver's Martin Curran) have relied on each other ever since they were boys and their mother killed their abusive father. Neville is now an aspiring comic who seeks happiness in designer drugs, while Matthew is a boxer whose raw emotions hit him in the ring and in his personal life (Curran won a best-supporting actor Genie for this role). Rounding out the cast are Rainbow Sun Francisco, who plays their loved John, and Canadian R&B superstar Deborah Cox,



Cox (left), Tate: a tale both sexy and tender

as Neville's girlfriend, Niko. Cox came in an exceptional performance as a singer turned in her own musical career. These four actors bring to life an otherwise convoluted and thin, unfusing tenderness in a familiar territory.

S.D.



The company dancers wanted

Call to the barre

Karin Hall wants to find at least two men who can dance and who have strong personalities when she visits Toronto. But she's not looking for a date. Hall is the artistic director of the Holland Dance Company, performing at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre from March 15 to 17 and at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa on March 20. While in Toronto, Hall, 36, will hold auditions to fill spots for the two male dancers, and possibly one female, in the contemporary troupe. So far, she has received about a dozen emails from Toronto artists. "It's hard to find good male dancers anywhere in the world," says Hall, the company's artistic director since 1996, "but especially so in a conservative country of 270,000 people where if you say dance, they think belly tans."

| Pop Movies | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. <i>The Matrix</i> (12A) | 23,757,634 |
| 2. <i>Amelie</i> (12A) | 4,199,026 |
| 3. <i>The Last Days of Disco</i> (14) | 905,043 |
| 4. <i>Dead to Rights</i> (14) | 302,157 |
| 5. <i>Deadly</i> (14A) | 270,495 |
| 6. <i>Twins</i> (12A) | 470,197 |
| 7. <i>Overnight</i> (14A) | 800,840 |
| 8. <i>1000 Miles to Go</i> (12A) | 354,120 |
| 9. <i>David Fincher</i> (14A) | 340,100 |
| 10. <i>Twins</i> (12A) | 330,181 |

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Entertainment Notes

Feminist trailblazers

When do pioneering feminist Mary Wollstonecraft and Oprah Winfrey have in common? Germaine Greer and Diana, Princess of Wales? In the view of respected U.S. scholar Elaine Showalter, they all infused a gender-based resistance on women's lives, and all have something to reveal about the evolution of the female role in society. In *Knowing Herself: Cleaning a Feminist Intellectual Heritage* (Dacosta), Showalter looks at the struggles of a wide variety of women, focusing in much on their personal lives as their worldly accomplishments. Her subjects include the celebrated—Margaret Mead, Simone de Beauvoir, Hilary Rodham Clinton—and relatively obscure figures like Eleanor Marx, the youngest of Karl's three daughters.

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2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625,



Allan Fotheringham

Death penalty insanity

There is something, essentially insane about our society. The philosopher said long ago that to those who feel, the world is a tragedy to those who think, it is a comedy.

There is a great fuss among North American do-gooders about a young woman in Africa who is publicly flogged—as great applause there—as for “provolone” same lousy out-taping her. We agreed to savage those in the Muslim world who chop off hands and still rage public execution. We denounce Clinton, which undoubtedly will heat our Toronto for the 2008 Olympic Games, because it still does

state murder on dissidents and other troublesome people. And in the United States, there is a major debate over whether, in May, the once Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh will have his death sentence carried out on national television, as he has demanded. The world is mad.

Not too long ago, as the Earth turns, they will hold public hangings in England—for such minor offences as pickpocketing. As the shivering crowds gathered round the gallows, hooting in glee, pickpockets walked the crowd, to win their profession. As the last two men ever executed by state murder in Canada hanged back-to-back in the Don Jail in Toronto, John Diefenbaker said quietly that there never again will be capital punishment in Canada. As any civilized person knows.

And the death of Stodovell Dwyer is a prime ministerial candidate—a glib, attractive man who did not have the courage to finish either the university or the Bible college he dabbled in—came when he actually included in his Alliance platform a national referendum on capital punishment. The new President of the United States, the richest nation in history, the only superpower left in the universe, is promoting “compassionate conservatism.” The greatest cynicism since “military intelligence,” “guilt shaming,” “surprise mail” and “journalistic ethics.”

The new president of the greatest empire since Rome has been elected—leaving aside the pregnant clouds—on a platform that included the death penalty. In his six years as governor, Texas not only led the nation but, considering its population, the world—beating out China and Russia—even South Africa having abolished the sport.

The Texas prison population leaped from 92,669 to 149,684

while Dabys was governor. Some 4,511 of the guys in state jails in 1998 were drug offenders. And 2,800 of them were jailed for possession of a gun or less of cocaine or heroin. Of those guys in jail, 28 per cent were black, 29 per cent were Hispanic, 43 per cent were white. Compassionate conservatism?

Dabys, in his innocence—he commits rate of The Book—you said he strongly believes that no innocent person has been executed in his state. Well, last year Illinois Gov George Ryan, a Republican who happened to be pro-death penalty, found to his astonishment that 13 convicted murderers had been exonerated by new evidence—after they had been sent to death row.

Last year, a national survey in the United States found support for the death penalty was down to 66 per cent, its lowest level in 19 years. Since the Supreme Court allowed executions to resume 24 years ago, 38 states have made the death penalty legal, while 12 have not.

An investigation by the *Chicago Tribune* found that of the 131 inmates executed under Gov. Dabys—alias “Skrub”—43 had defence attorneys who were disbarred, suspended or otherwise sanctioned for misconduct by the state bar of Texas either before or after their work on those cases. Forty cases involved trials where the defence attorneys presented no evidence or

only one witness during the sentencing process, 29 included a psychiatrist who gave testimony that the American Psychiatric Association condemned as unethical and untrustworthy—and just to finish off, 25 included jailhouse informants, considered to be the least credible of witnesses.

Not to mention the Southern Center for Human Rights, an Atlanta-based body that found “in recent years the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals has upheld death sentences in at least three cases in which the defence lawyers slept during trial.” The justice system in Texas is a joke. In its Republican-controlled legislature, a bill was introduced that indigent defendants be assigned a lawyer within 20 days after arrest. (In most of the U.S., a lawyer is provided within 72 hours.) Skrub, as governor, vetoed the bill.

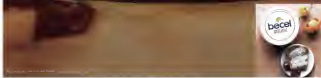
Canadiana newscaster Charlton Donald Marshall and David Milgaard and others, how many innocent people have been sent to prison. Ninety-five people on death row in the United States have been freed with proof of innocence since 1973.

State murder is insane. The world is crazy.



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“When I look for a car I use a little bit of brain and a whole lot of butt.”

By Richard Sawyer, *Expert Sofa Maker and Saturn L200 owner.*

I'VE BEEN MAKING SOFAS for twenty years. Which means my posterior has been the primary inspector of springs and cushions and frames and filling for a long time. Come to think of it, shopping for a car is a lot like shopping for a sofa. You get to know a thing or two about what makes a comfortable and durable

seat when you've got your butt planted on one twenty-four seven. **1) What you see.** The look of your car seat is just as important as that of your living room sofa. Saturn makes quality fabric interiors in a choice of shades to match your exterior. There's also leather if you are so inclined.



A couple questions you might want to ask your retailer are: how durable are the surfaces and how do you get grape juice off them? **2) Your lumbar needs support.** The human body puts pressure on the spine and hips after long periods of sitting. When I'm stuffing a sofa



I like to be ergonomically-sensitive. I pay extra attention to the lumbar region of the back. So do Saturn engineers. They design their seats to conform to the shape of most backs and to eliminate lateral pressure on the spine. **3) The butt inspection never fails.** I've learned to trust my posterior. When shopping for a vehicle, a good comfort test is fifteen minutes spent behind the wheel. And I

mean before you take it for a spin! Ends up I bought the mid-size Saturn L200. It has a roomy interior and is thoughtfully designed to ensure knobs and switches are just where you'd expect them to be. Plus I was really impressed by the process the Saturn people apply to their seat manufacturing. Probably because it's nearly identical to mine. And the result? A spacious, comfy, low-maintenance interior that any derriere would be proud to rest on.



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